

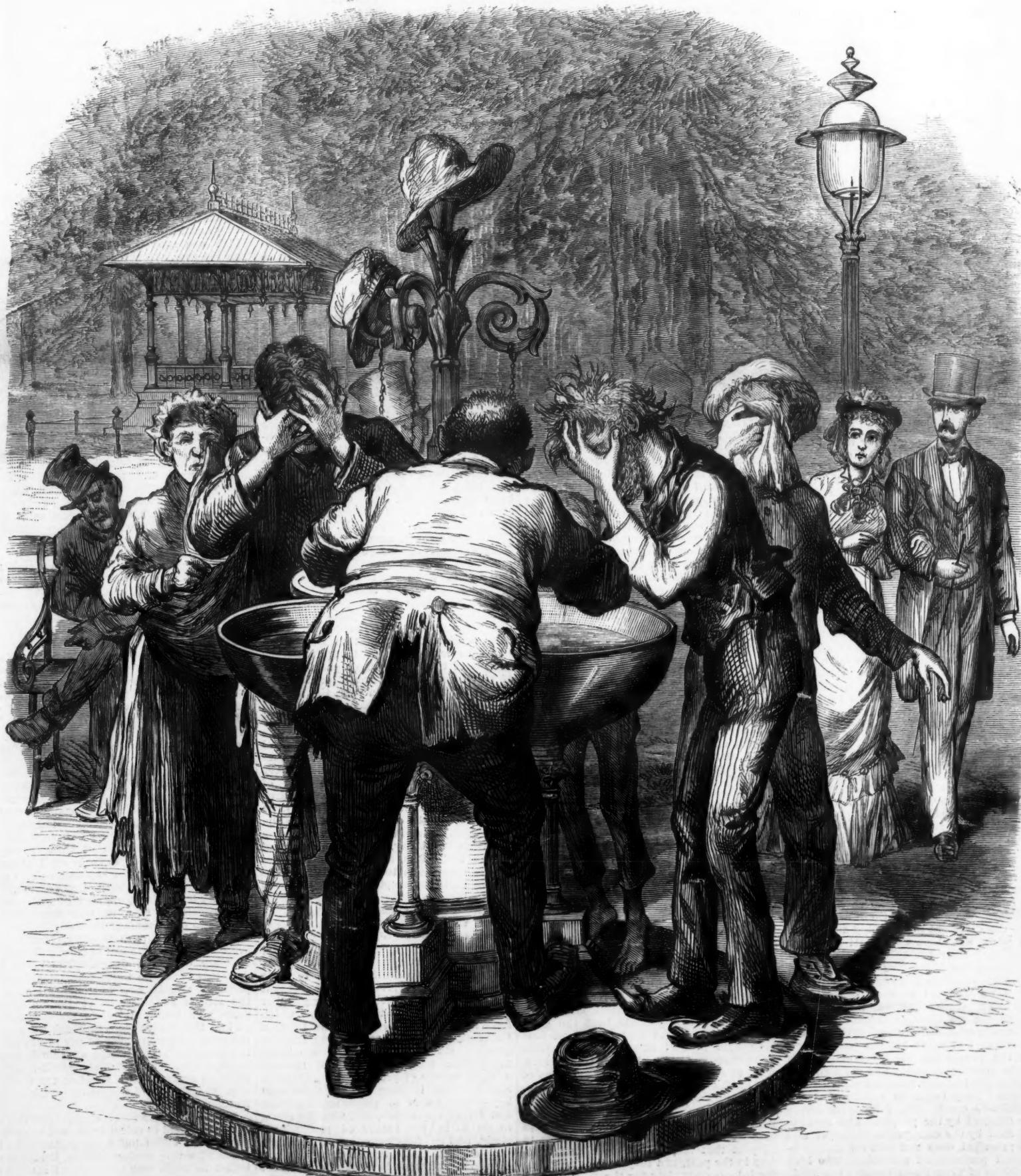
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—A TRAMP'S MORNING ABLUTIONS—AN EARLY MORNING SCENE IN MADISON SQUARE.—SEE PAGE 341.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1877.

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## A NEW ERA DAWNING IN THE SOUTH.

IT has fallen to the lot of President Hayes to demonstrate most forcibly the great truth that there is no stability in successful crime. The history of mankind, whether we look to individuals or to those aggregations of men called nations, is full of such instructive lessons that it is marvellous our politicians, who have so long held undisturbed sway, could not see how wearied were the people of systematic wrong. The future Pancroft of our country will record with astonishment the strange fact of a great Party which battled for the perpetuity of the Union deliberately stultifying itself in after years by acts which mark the disorganizer and the disunionist. For it cannot be disguised that every attempt to sectionalize the country by stirring up personal and political antipathies, and especially by placing any portion of it under virtual or actual military rule, is, first, last, and all the time, disunion. The geographical conformation of the Republic may be maintained, but there remains the melancholy spectacle of an American Austria, divided, discontented and plethoric with hatred. Mr. Hayes realized all this when he accepted the Cincinnati Republican nomination, and indorsed the Southern declarations in the platform of the Convention which savored of good-will for, and justice to, the Southern States. His political antecedents were well known in Ohio, and the men who nominated him for the Presidency knew of his kindly disposition toward the people who had so long felt the iron hand of his predecessor, General Grant. What folly, then, for Senator Blaine, who telegraphed his hearty congratulations to the Republican nominee, to raise the standard of revolt against the Administration when every State in the South is in a condition of peace; when the people of each are engaged in the good work of recuperation, and the races are living together in harmony such as never existed under military reconstruction! What an exhibition of demagoguery was that in Woodstock, Conn., when the repudiated Chamberlain, and the disappointed Blaine, soiled a celebration of the first Independence anniversary of the second century of the life of the Republic by abuse of the peace-policy of the President, and an attempt to relight the almost extinguished fires of sectional hate! And how unenviable is the position of the Iowa Republicans, who shower their anathemas upon the President for pursuing a policy in line with the same Cincinnati Platform which met their hearty concurrence during the great November campaign! In one of his late New England speeches, Mr. Hayes rebuked all such malcontents by reminding them that in this country the people are the Government. British statesmen, who sometimes forget that the Government is made for the people, and not the people for the Government, are taught salutary lessons; and our own public men are learning from the same schoolmaster. They begin to realize that the President's constitutional Southern course is sustained by the people. The agent is indorsed by the omnipotent principal, and the principal does not care for the disappointed professional politicians who hide the heart of Titus Oates beneath the words of Penn, or roar with the lungs of vulgar John Wilkes.

Mr. Hayes is President, and the tree

must be judged by its fruits. It is supremely ridiculous to talk of the measures of the President disintegrating the Republican Party and building up the Democratic Party. Parties and partisan feelings have nothing to do with the matter. The question is: What have been the results of the Southern policy of the Administration? Let us briefly glance at some of the results. Charleston, under the régime of lawlessness, plunder and ignorance, promised to follow the fate of ancient Philadelphia, whose solitary pillar in the Syrian desert, Gibbon tells us, symbolizes her past glory and present desolation. The pacific and constitutional policy of the President has given the impoverished commercial capital of South Carolina a new lease of life. Her business-men are hopeful of the future, for once more she will be fitly represented in the State Legislature. The recent election of seventeen representative men from that city to the Legislature has made a profound impression throughout the State. Ignorance and venality were peacefully overthrown by the union of both races, and Charleston redeemed after years of long bondage. From Louisiana comes cheering news. During the four years of the Kellogg mal-administration that State was disgraced by crimes which prevented emigration, and made it a sort of wholesale Hounslow Heath. Governor Nicholls found on his hands criminals, properly indicted and convicted, who had not been punished according to the penal laws. Doubting his right to the Gubernatorial chair, Kellogg had failed or refused to sign the necessary death-warrants. The present Governor has instructed Attorney-General Ogden, and all district-attorneys, to investigate the criminal legacy left him, and made open declaration that crime in Louisiana shall meet with just punishment, be the consequences what they may.

Financially, Louisiana is looking up. The Consolidated Debt of New Orleans, bonded and floating, has been reduced, during six months past, \$740,000. So great has been the confidence in the Nicholls Government that, from January to July, the amount of collected taxes equals the full sum of the whole of the preceding year, the last quarter alone footing up a half-million of dollars. The State bonds have been honored by the payment of the July interest, and arrangements are being made to meet succeeding payments promptly. Thus the pelican is not only looking to the well-being of its young, but to that of people outside of its nest. In Georgia, the manufacturing spirit has been stimulated by the redemption of South Carolina and Louisiana. New investments are being made in mills at Columbus, and we hear of a thriving town on the Chattahoochee, opposite the young Lowell of the South. Everywhere in the Southern States the sound of the hammer of progress is heard. The terrible incubus of that wretched failure, the Congressional Reconstruction Acts, now wholly lifted from the people, a new and prosperous era has dawned upon them. The right is once again above the wrong; the honest legislator takes the place of the political blackguard; and every part of the country will feel the influence of the prosperity of the prolific States of the South. The blatant and huckstering politicians may say what they please, Iowa may clap its hands over the fallen Packard and affect to regard him as a Republican martyr, but the sober, thoughtful citizen will feel as the New Englanders felt during the recent visit of the President, that a man who has the courage to rise above party and do right is entitled to the respect and cordial consideration of his countrymen.

## COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

SOON the voice of the graduate will be heard throughout the land. The doors of several hundred institutions are thrown open at this season of the year, and thousands of young men quit the Academic halls to take part in the battle of life. Hitherto the experiences of these students have been checkered by no events more important than failures at examinations and participation in athletic sports. They have taken things easy, feeling no weight of responsibility and indulging in no care of the future. As they stand out on the platform, however, and gaze at the assembled crowd that has gathered to hear their last intellectual effort, they begin to appreciate that the good times are past, and that they must now take hold in real earnest to accomplish their share in life's work. This is the reason why, as a general rule, the set speeches of the graduates at Commencement are so remarkably lugubrious and weighted with wholesome lessons of advice bearing the flavor of time ill-spent and of opportunities thrown away. The young men begin to suspect that they have been a little careless in the past, and they wish to make up for it by over-anxiety for the future. College life is certainly a happy existence for those who are privileged to enjoy it. Nothing in after years can be made to have

the same sweetness and light thrown around it that the scholar finds in his academic halls. The association with intellectual men, the companionship with books, the freedom from care, the attractions of knowledge, the firm friendship there formed, serve to give Alma Mater a charm such as is never experienced in after life. No wonder that the old boy, grown gray with years and broken down by overwork, always returns with undiminished affection to the spot consecrated by so many sweet memories. Every student loves to go back to visit his Alma Mater as often as he can do so, and in many colleges the custom maintains with classes of celebrating every tenth anniversary of their graduation. There is something half pleasant, half sad in this, as it is not an unalloyed enjoyment for the remnant of a class to sit down and talk over the virtues and talents of those who have been called to their account before them. Nevertheless, these gatherings are sought by as many as are able to attend them, and they serve to keep fresh the friendship founded in early youth. Many persons have been disposed to scoff at Commencements and to deny to them any right to existence. They say that the speeches of the young men are puerile, and that the whole performance is an unmitigated bore rather than an intellectual feast. Such persons take the thing too much in earnest. They forget that it is a students' gathering, and that no one pretends that what the young men say is intended for anybody beyond the private circle in which the orator moves. It is true that the speakers address the audience as if all he said was meant for them; when, in fact, he only has his classmates and intimate associates in view. If we take these efforts as specimens of composition and set them up in comparison with the writings of experienced authors, we do wrong, as they are really boyish affairs, and must be judged from the standpoint of the writers, and not from that of the world at large. Abstractly considered, it must be confessed that Commencement speeches are very inferior productions. The undergraduate is too limited in the horizon of his knowledge and the sphere of his experience to be fit to teach, and as what he says is generally of a didactic turn, it falls upon the ear of the veteran and often makes his venerable listener wince. The boy, however, does the best he can, and must be criticised accordingly.

Generally at Commencement some celebrated scholar or writer is invited to deliver a set oration, and this part of the entertainment is intended for the special delectation of the older Alumni and for the good example of the young. These orations are often powerful efforts, and prove to be valuable contributions to the literature of colleges. The most celebrated men of our country have appeared on the Commencement stage. Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, William H. Seward, J. Fenimore Cooper, among the dead, and George Bancroft, George William Curtis, Edward E. Hale, Bayard Taylor, among the living, have each made important contributions to the literature of these occasions. There is one popular movement in colleges which appears to menace the perpetuation of Commencements in their original form, and that is the tendency in modern times to split up the studies of the course into a great number of electives. At Harvard, after the conclusion of the Freshman year, the student is at liberty to select what studies he will pursue, and this at once breaks up the class intimacy and class feeling. The students no longer go over identical courses, thus competing with each other for honors on the same ground, but they are scattered over the whole field of knowledge, and they scarcely form each other's acquaintance. There is very little love of sympathy or feeling of fellowship. They finally come in from all directions on Commencement day, in order to pass out of the institution at the same door, but they are strangers to each other, and the old, endearing expression, "classmate" has no significance in their ears, and awakens no sentiments of affection. This break up of the college course into so many small groups of individuals may be a good thing to help poor students through colleges, but it can scarcely be said to strengthen the attachment of the Alumni to their Alma Mater. It is difficult to account for the elective system on any other supposition than that the colleges which have adopted it have copied the German Universities, without considering that the German student, while he elects what to pursue, must have passed through a rigid course of prescribed study much higher than is usual with a college boy—and he is of more mature years and larger experience, and what he elects to do is in the nature of professional study, and not for elementary drill. There is no comparison between a university and a college, and what is done at one cannot be taken as nominal for the other. The elective system in this country bids fair to destroy colleges as disciplinary schools and convert them into refuges for nomadic and untrained youths rather than into a seat of learning. It would be much better to adhere to the old plan of prescribing a thorough course for all of the undergraduates, leaving them no voice whatever in the matter. What the average American boy wants is discipline and not wild-Indian education, picking up here and there such things as interest and please him, and dropping everything that is difficult and disagreeable. Where the studies are made optional the only question the student asks is which are the "soft topics," meaning thereby what topics require the least effort of mind, and what professor is the least strict in the exercises of his room. Easy topics and easy professors are what the students elect, and not what will afford the greatest amount of profitable training to the mind, and what will add the most to the stock of knowledge. We have thrown out these suggestions *apropos* of Commencements, because we see the time-honored exercises of the closing of college life imperiled by ill-considered notions imported from abroad. If we go on as we have been doing of late years, we shall soon begin to measure the prosperity of a college, not by the number of students in attendance, but by the number of studies which are taught within its walls. One hundred students and one hundred topics would be considered as the triumph of the new system. We question whether a closer attention to the "three R's" in elementary work, and a more strict adherence to the old-fashioned drill of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, would not turn out better results than the present desultory plan of throwing everything open to the option of persons so young as college boys.

## PICTURE-BUYING.

THERE has been a great change of late years in the character of the pictures which one sees throughout the country. The growing appreciation and love of art are shown not only in the attention given to exhibitions of fine paintings in the larger cities, but in the evidently increasing desire of persons in moderate circumstances to possess some specimen of artistic workmanship, either in the form of pictures or engravings. In houses where, a generation ago, only the portraits of the head of the family and his wife, done by some traveling artist, frowned or simpered from the walls, we now find paintings or engravings of a certain degree of merit, and perhaps a photograph of some famous picture. Yet the desire for these things is generally in advance of the cultivated taste which can make the best selection to gratify it, and for want of some judicious advice money is often thrown away upon trash which the purchaser or his family will soon outgrow, or which at least remains upon his walls to testify to his ignorance of what may be simple yet beautiful, and what is only pretentious.

In buying pictures or engravings for one's home it is by no means the amount of money expended that insures the most tasteful and satisfactory result to be seen upon the walls. The person of moderate means may make so judicious a selection with a limited sum, that he will have far more to show that is truly beautiful and pleasing to a cultivated taste, than one for whom the expenditure will merely obtain canvases which some day he may wish might "return to plague the inventor."

There are certain things to be avoided in picture-buying, and other things to be continually borne in mind by those whose experience in such matters is limited. In the first place, the novice should shun the auction-sale of paintings which have been manufactured to order by the lowest class of workmen, and which are usually sent to the smaller cities to be advertised and sold as the stock of some dealer in New York or Boston. The production of these showy daubs for auction or to be hawked about the country is a regular business on an extensive scale in New York. One concern in this city has a large number of girls and men constantly at work who have been trained to the manufacture of duplicates of landscapes with such rapidity, that they are sold in gaudy frames at from thirty-six to sixty dollars a dozen. The cheaper specimens are like those which peddlers, pretending to be needy artists, sell about the streets at one-tenth of their asking price, and those which are more elaborate go into the auction-sales to which we have referred. They are dear at any price; and the painting, with perhaps a name in one corner resembling that of some well-known artist, is as much of a fraud as the frame with its imitation gilt covering that is only Dutch metal.

In the department of engravings there is a broad field to select from, and where a person can afford but a few pictures, and those at a very moderate price, it is much better to begin with this form of art. As for choice of subjects, it is always safe for an inexperienced person to select the works of those painters of world-wide fame, whose pictures have been engraved. These cover

every variety of subject, and one can scarcely go astray by choosing engravings after Raphael, Correggio or Murillo; or, among modern artists, Turner or Rosa Bonheur or Gerome, or, indeed, scores of others, English, French and American. The cheapest of these is better than a showy daub in oil, which violates every principle of art, and which will be to many visitors simply an eyesore. In the selection of subjects, as well as of artists, care should be taken to secure a variety. In a home one does not want monotony, or even similarity in such things. So buy the serious and the sportive in expression, as well as the simply beautiful—anything but the vulgar.

As for chromos, there is a good deal to be said in their favor, on the same principle by which, in some public libraries, the reading of weak but harmless novels is encouraged. Both are supposed by some to beget a taste for something better. Some of the English water-color chromos are very pleasing, but the greater part of those sold in this country are coarse in execution and mechanical in effect, and the same money invested in engravings will generally show better results. In chromos, as in dictionaries, one should get the best. And when the better sort are chosen, they make a pleasing variety and add to one's walls the charm of color.

These conditions are not changed by the fact that we have now forty million people in this country. When the Roman Empire was at the height of its power and wealth the territory covered by its eagles was not so large as that over which the flag of our Republic floats. There is room here for an innumerable nation. The South is sparsely settled as yet, and the great West is only at the threshold of its future. It is to the teeming West that the eyes of the foreigner are turned when he comes to these shores. And why should not the gaze of our surplus population—the strong men who are going down daily into the ranks of pauperism—be turned there also? It not only offers a livelihood, but independence. If the mechanic or laborer, who has saved a few dollars, was to put them into Western lands, he would not only have a perpetual field for his own labor, but would find that he soon had need of additional help from the East. His trade, also, as well as his hands, would find occupation, and industry would bring not only a competency but the fortune that rarely comes in the more densely settled sections of the country. Land at most points in the West is both good and cheap. The traveler who passes, for instance, through Nebraska, on the Union Pacific Railroad, is surprised to find that the fertile fields on either side of him are still open at many points to purchasers, and that the railroad company offers them to actual settlers at figures that would tempt many an Eastern man to become a landowner did he but know of the opportunity. This is the case also in other States, and the point of settlement for the emigrant is a mere matter of choice. If the workingmen at the East, who have been slowly expending their savings, during the "hard times" of the last four years, had put their money into Western lands when the first crash came, they would have been independent now. If they have not yet expended everything, they can do it yet, and thus make room for others. The West ought to be to our young men and their families what Australia and New Zealand are to Great Britain—the place where any hold can be made the road to a fair competence, if not to wealth. Here is a practical solution to one branch of the labor problem, and it will go far also to unravelling the disagreeable puzzle of pauperism.

#### EASTERN LABOR AND WESTERN LANDS.

EASTERN people are still puzzled by the problem of their surplus population, and look with dread upon the increasing demand upon their charity, and the vast growth of the wretched hosts of professional paupers and tramps. The streets of all the large cities swarm with able-bodied men who are persistent in their demands for work, though the fact is evident to them that there is no call for their labor. They swarm in from the rural parts and outlying villages, with a sort of vague impression that it is somebody's duty to provide them with the occupation and wages that shall keep them from starving. One hard Winter follows another, and yet they remain in their old haunts without the pioneer spirit to stir about and find or make work for themselves. Apparently they forget that if there was employment to be had it would not only be gladly furnished them, but a means would be found of compelling them to earn their livelihood rather than eat the bread of charity. All thoughtful men know that almsgiving is demoralizing, and they would be glad to end it. But they can do little in this respect themselves so long as the mass of the unemployed are content to hang about the streets of cities that are already provided with more than their own quota of able-bodied and skilled labor.

That there is work in the land for those who really desire it and have the spirit to seek it, is shown in the large number of emigrants from foreign countries who almost daily arrive at the Atlantic ports. For the most part, they are robust, enterprising and earnest, and consequently they remain in the East but a few days, at the furthest, and then push on to the more promising domain of the West. There they find homes, labor and remuneration. They build up the new States and are the pioneers of their growing cities and rising fortunes. Out of the fertile soil of the broad prairies, out of the barren hills that hide in their rocky recesses an untold treasure, out of the forests that hold the sea of future navies, they carve a speedy prosperity. For, it is a singular anomaly, that, while the East apparently has not bread for those who ask it, the West not only offers a livelihood to every strong man, but pledges prosperity to those who have grit and persistence. Despite the drawbacks of fire

and flood, the wide sweep of destruction caused by the grasshopper and locust, the bewildering enticements of the mining regions that give wealth to but a favored few, the West has amply supported those who fully trusted themselves to it, and who gave their lives into its hands with the same abandonment of self that distinguished the early pioneers of the East. *Dilettante* adventurers have always fared badly, as did some of those who came to Virginia and Massachusetts two or three centuries ago in the belief that their hills were filled with gold, and who turned away in disgust when they found that here, as elsewhere, there was no royal road to wealth. De Soto sought the fabled city El Dorado in vain, and lost his life because he would not be content with any less reward than its golden walls. So fared it, too, with Ponce de Leon and other dreamers of that day. But the hardy men of fixed purpose who laid broad and deep on the Atlantic shores the foundation of republican liberty, discovered that in spite of the hostility of Indian savages and the hardships that pioneer labor brought, the New World offered rare prosperity to those who fully trusted its promises and their own courage. The rude hut in the wilderness became in time the abode of cultured prosperity.

These conditions are not changed by the fact that we have now forty million people in this country. When the Roman Empire was at the height of its power and wealth the territory covered by its eagles was not so large as that over which the flag of our Republic floats. There is room here for an innumerable nation. The South is sparsely settled as yet, and the great West is only at the threshold of its future. It is to the teeming West that the eyes of the foreigner are turned when he comes to these shores. And why should not the gaze of our surplus population—the strong men who are going down daily into the ranks of pauperism—be turned there also? It not only offers a livelihood, but independence. If the mechanic or laborer, who has saved a few dollars, was to put them into Western lands, he would not only have a perpetual field for his own labor, but would find that he soon had need of additional help from the East. His trade, also, as well as his hands, would find occupation, and industry would bring not only a competency but the fortune that rarely comes in the more densely settled sections of the country. Land at most points in the West is both good and cheap. The traveler who passes, for instance, through Nebraska, on the Union Pacific Railroad, is surprised to find that the fertile fields on either side of him are still open at many points to purchasers, and that the railroad company offers them to actual settlers at figures that would tempt many an Eastern man to become a landowner did he but know of the opportunity. This is the case also in other States, and the point of settlement for the emigrant is a mere matter of choice. If the workingmen at the East, who have been slowly expending their savings, during the "hard times" of the last four years, had put their money into Western lands when the first crash came, they would have been independent now. If they have not yet expended everything, they can do it yet, and thus make room for others. The West ought to be to our young men and their families what Australia and New Zealand are to Great Britain—the place where any hold can be made the road to a fair competence, if not to wealth. Here is a practical solution to one branch of the labor problem, and it will go far also to unravelling the disagreeable puzzle of pauperism.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**THE EIGHT HOUR LAW.**—As the appropriations for the new fiscal year have become available, and there is a prospect of more activity in Government work, it may be mentioned that the Act of June 25th, 1868, which declares that eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics employed by the Government, does not prevent the officers of the Government from making arrangements with laborers by which the day's labor may be more or less than eight hours. This conclusion has been reached in pursuance of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which the law decides that contracts fixing or giving a different length of time as the day's work are legal and binding upon the persons making them, and that the eight hour law does not prescribe the amount of compensation to be paid for the labor of eight hours, or of any other time. Government officers in charge of public work will, therefore, make their contracts and have the work performed upon the basis of ten hours to a day's work, and all persons who desire to work eight hours will be paid for that number of hours only.

**MR. HAYES'S ATTITUDE.**—According to his friends, the President is undismayed by the storm he has aroused among the politicians. Those who have heard him express himself since his return to Washington say that he is undisturbed by the assaults of the machine-politicians. The President is conscious that he only desired to do right, and has only done right. He does not seek a second term, has no friends to reward or enemies to punish, and intends to administer good government by appointing honest, efficient and capable

men only to office. The threats of hostility on the part of the political war-horses do not disturb him. He will make the best choice for candidates for office he can. If the Senate declines to confirm them, he, without being disturbed, will select other candidates. He is not to be driven from his position by the abuse of the very class of people whom he scarcely expects that his course will please. His Southern policy is a fact, and he feels that if his Civil Service policy is not acceptable to the machine politicians, it will be supported by the masses of the voting people, and will at all events do something to preserve free institutions. Disappointed leaders may threaten to throw away this State or that State. If they succeed in doing this, they may injure themselves, but cannot hurt the President. This outline is the view which the President, according to his friends, takes of the present situation.

**OUR FRESH BEEF EXPORTS.**—A statement recently compiled by the Bureau of Statistics shows the remarkable progress made in the exportation of fresh beef from the United States to Europe. The first shipments were made in October, 1875, when 36,000 pounds of beef, valued at \$2,800, were exported. The following month the same number of pounds, valued at the same amount were shipped. These two months' shipments, which appear to have been experimental, proved eminently successful, and from that time forward the shipments have steadily increased, going from 36,000 pounds in November, 1875, to 134,000 in December of the same year. The year 1876 opened with the success of the experiment fully established, and during the first month of that year 162,000 pounds were shipped. For the three months ended March, 1876, the number of pounds shipped was 766,000, valued at \$61,000. For the same period of this year the shipments reached 14,233,915 pounds, valued at \$1,266,972, and these figures are exceeded by those showing the shipments for April and May last, during which two months the number of pounds exported was 15,869,978, valued at \$1,537,387. The total number of pounds exported from October, 1875, to May 31st last, a period of twenty months, was 50,156,447 pounds, valued at \$4,564,638. Of this aggregate, there was shipped from New York over 40,000,000 pounds, and the remainder was shipped from Philadelphia. The largest shipment made in any one month was for April last, when the exportation reached 8,578,213 pounds, at a valuation of \$838,311. Before the close of the present calendar year it is quite probable the valuation of the monthly shipments of this new article of domestic export will exceed \$1,000,000.

**THE CANADIAN DOMINION.**—On the 30th of June the Dominion of Canada completed its first decade. In a brief review of the leading incidents of the past ten years, the *Toronto Globe* says that the different provinces constituting the "Dominion are doing a large and ever-growing business among themselves, which ten years ago had no existence, and which ten years hence will have reached dimensions at present scarcely dreamed of. Better knowledge of each other has dispelled many jealousies. More frequent intercourse has rubbed off many angularities and smoothed down some unpleasant asperities. We have found out that we can work together to the advantage of all, and to the injury and annoyance of none; that our common country is one of which we may all feel proud, and that the development of her many and varied resources can fully and profitably occupy the energies of all. All our Provinces will soon be connected and bound together by the firm bonds of an interoceanic railway, while, even as it is, our railway system makes social intercourse between Province and Province easy, traffic expeditious and profitable, with political management and general order both more complete and more satisfactory than they were in any of the single isolated provinces under the old régime. Absolute peace prevails over all our territory. Our population is spreading out on all sides to the new lands which wait but to be tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest." While the material progress of Canada has during these last ten years been very marked, her educational and religious progress has not been less noticeable. In every respect we have cause not for boasting, but for commendable satisfaction. The past is full of encouragement. The future is full of hope."

**SITTING BULL IN CANADA.**—On June 17th one of General Miles's scouts, an ex-soldier named Howard, who married a niece of Sitting Bull, in whose camp he lived some time, reached the Tongue River Cantonment. He had been sent by Miles to Sitting Bull's camp, with instructions to ferret out that chief's intentions, and to secure positive facts regarding his force and locations. Howard, who is regarded as trustworthy, reports Sitting Bull camped near the Cypress Hills, just over the British possessions boundary line, and, with Chief Black Moon, controlling three hundred and fifty lodges of warriors. Bull Eagle, supposed to have been killed by the Crows, is alive and joined this hostile camp. The three chiefs announce their intention of yet confronting General Miles's force, and appear to delay merely that they may recuperate from damages and losses incurred by the flooding of their camp, and that they may take advantage of the run of buffalo, now offering them a chance to lay in meat and robes. General Miles himself, accompanied by Lieutenant L. H. Jerome, Second Cavalry, of New York, has gone to Fort Buford to meet General Terry, commanding the department, with whom he will consult regarding the proposed campaign to or over the British line. It is said that General Miles regards the Rio Grande and Sitting Bull problems as somewhat the same—that the hostile camp having more than once fled across the border after committing outrages, cannot justly claim, and should not be accorded, the rights of asylum. Consequently that, being outlaws, and really outlawed, and making British territory a base of operations against the United States, he would not greatly violate international law should he seek his foo by crossing the line. This important question to be settled one way or the other now.

**THE CAXTON ANNIVERSARY.**—On the 30th of June the long-announced Caxton celebration in com-

memoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England was opened at the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington, by Mr. Gladstone. It was one of the most unique exhibitions ever held in London. The collection of early printing was very remarkable, comprising the oldest existing English newspapers, some dating as far back as 1667; the wonderful Stevens collection of Bibles, and the finest collection of music in the world. Among other works was a Charles I. copy of Shakespeare, lent by the Queen. In the Caxton room were 190 volumes from Caxton's press, including "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," 1477, the first book issued from the Caxton press. There is also the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye, 1474," the first book ever printed in English, and bought in 1812 for \$5,000. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil were among those present. William Caxton was a man of considerable wealth before he took to printing. Born in Kent, England, in 1411, he was in 1428 apprenticed to John Largo, of the Mercer's Company, and Lord Mayor of London in 1440. Remaining with him till 1441, Caxton then went to the Netherlands, where he vigorously promoted English commerce, in consequence of which he was appointed to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy, whose wife, Margaret of York, became so impressed with Caxton's talent and intelligence, that she gave him a position and commissioned him to translate works, among which was the "History of Troy." The art of printing, then just developing in Germany, struck Caxton as destined to prove advantageous to English commerce, and he accordingly turned his attention to it, and in 1471 set up his first press.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

**THE CLINTON SAVINGS BANK** in New York City was obliged to suspend.

**WORK ON THE NEW YORK APPROACH** to the East River Bridge was begun.

**ANNOUNCEMENT** was made that the public debt had been reduced \$3,219,000 during June.

**WORK** was resumed in a number of Navy Yards, the appropriations becoming available July 1st.

**THE TAX LIST** of New York for 1877 shows a decrease in the valuation of city property of \$9,821,101.

**UNIFORM** rates for freighting in the Southern States were arranged by the combination of leading railroads.

**THE CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE FOUNTAIN** in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was formally presented to the city on the Fourth.

**THE RECEIVER** of the American Popular Life Insurance Company discovered large frauds in the management of business.

**SENATOR BLAINE** and ex-Governor Chamberlain attacked the President's Southern Policy at the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock, Conn.

**THE CELEBRATION** of the Fourth of July passed off very quietly in all our large cities. There were few fireworks, and, consequently, few casualties.

**MESSRS. WELLS AND ANDERSON**, the two white members of the Louisiana Returning Board, were indicted in New Orleans for altering election returns.

**GOLD** fluctuated as follows in New York during the past week: Monday, 105 1/2 @ 105 1/2; Tuesday, 105 1/2 @ 105 1/2; Wednesday, holiday; Thursday, 105 1/4; Friday, 105 1/2 @ 105 1/2.

**PRESIDENT HAYES**, several members of his Cabinet and other well-informed parties, claim that the annexation of the whole or any portion of Mexico is neither intended, nor at this time possible.

**ON ACCOUNT** of the capital of the Royal Canadian Fire Insurance Company having been seriously impaired by the St. John fire, Superintendent Smyth forbade its agents in New York State transacting any business.

**SECRETARY MILLS**, of Montana, reports the existence of a wide spread conspiracy among the Indians, and says that preparations are being made for an alliance of all the Western tribes. It was supposed that General Howard had forced a battle in Idaho.

##### Foreign.

**FRENCH** elections were ordered to be held August 5th.

**THE OTTOMAN PARLIAMENT** will be reopened October 1st.

**THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL** began its session at Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 3d.

**TRANQUILLITY** has been almost completely restored in the disaffected provinces of Japan.

**SEÑOR ZORILLA** was arrested in Paris for denouncing the existing Government in a private residence.

**THE MUNICIPALITY OF PARIS** will petition the Assembly for a law permitting and regulating cremation.

**GENERAL GRANT** visited the British House of Parliament, and left England on the 5th for Belgium and other Eastern countries.

**PRINCE BISMARCK** returned to Berlin, and will accompany the Emperor to Gastein, where he will have a meeting with the Emperor of Austria.

**HEAVY RAINS** in the famine district of Bombay, India, have, it is believed, ended the misery, and crops are now being sown. The situation in the Madras district remains very critical.

**RUSSIAN** troops crossed the Danube in large numbers. It is reported that they encountered very great disasters in Armenia, and that General Melikoff, their commander, was recalled.

**A BRITISH FLEET** went to Besika Bay for fear of disorders in Constantinople, and the Porte announced its expectations that the English Cabinet would explain the action to the dignitaries of the Treaty of Paris.

**THE COUNTESSE LAURETTA LAMBERTINI**, who asserts that she is a natural daughter of the late Cardinal Antonelli, began an action claiming the whole of his property, which is estimated at many millions of francs.

**PORTUGAL** having consented to act with England in suppressing the slave trade on the Mozambique Coast, a British cruiser has been ordered thither empowered to search suspicious vessels, even when carrying Portuguese colors.

**PROTESTS** against the recent decree of annexation to the British Empire have been forwarded by the President and leading authorities of the Transvaal, or South African Republic, to Lord Derby and the friendly Powers that had recognized the independence of the Republic.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 339.



TURKEY.—AN AMBUSH OF BASHI-BAZOUKS.



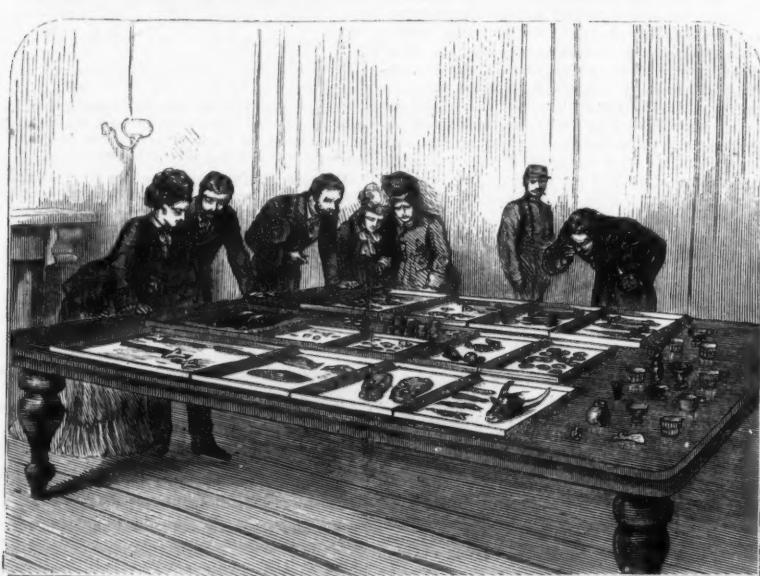
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS MARCHING TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



TURKEY.—DRILLING TURKISH TROOPS AT SIGHTING RIFLES.



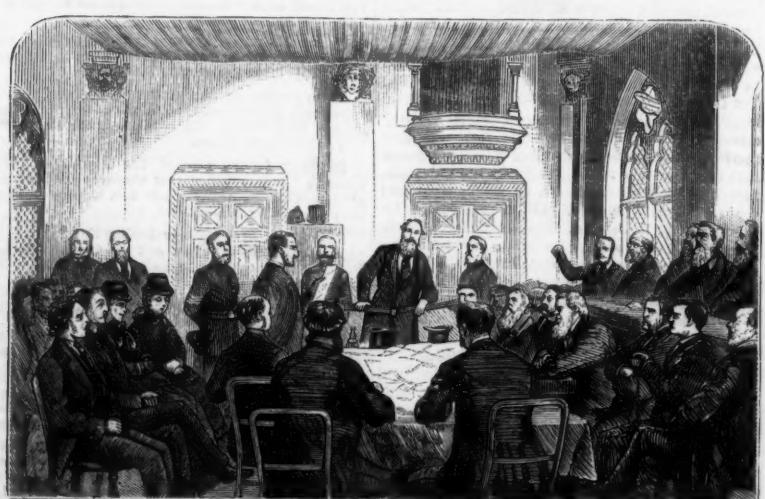
ENGLAND.—NEW CHAPEL FOR EARLY MORNING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



GREECE.—EXHIBITION AT ATHENS OF DR. SCHLIEMANN'S MYCENÆ DISCOVERIES.



BOUMANIA.—PRINCE CHARLES DECORATING SOLDIERS WHO HAD BEEN UNDER FIRE.



ENGLAND.—THE FENGE MYSTERY—EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONERS AT BROMLEY.



ENGLAND.—THE FALLING OF WIDCOMBE BRIDGE AT BATH.

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## THE NEWSBOYS' JUBILEE

## IN PHILADELPHIA.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, gave all the newsboys of that city excursion and dinner-tickets to Belmont on the Fourth. Our sketch was taken on Sixth Street, at the end of Independence Hall looking towards Chestnut Street, at 5 p.m., July 1st, when the boys were made to form in a line and pass into the basement, a few at a time, and then out another way. Great uneasiness prevailed along the line. Pushing and shoving, and occasionally there would be a bend and break, several of the culprits falling in the street, only to have their places taken by those behind them.

Many citizens were present to witness the fight, for to any one who had never seen a newsboys' excursion, or their preparations for the start, it was indeed amusing.

Mr. Childs's enterprise was carried through successfully, and at noon some five hundred of these irrepressibles sat down to a feast in a banqueting-hall at Belmont, Fairmount Park, and took of dinner, comprising a bill of fare surprising to their digestive organs, but which they enjoyed with a zest scarcely equaled by persons more cultivated. The menu comprised green turtle soup, broiled spring chicken, salads, and light desserts. The viands at first were very well-behaved, but, not being accustomed to the long waits between the courses, became rather boisterous later, and ejaculated their peculiar slang at the waiters, which only served to make matters worse. Mr. Childs could not be present at the dinner, but was represented by Mr. William V. McKeon, manager of the *Ledger*, and Mr. Alexander Ramsey, Jr. Hon. Daniel M. Fox made a speech to the boys, and Governors Carroll and Hartranft were introduced, being greeted by loud cheers. Mr. A. M. Spangler, local journalist, assumed the management of the tickets, at Mr. Childs's expense, to the Zoological Garden and the Permanent Exhibition. The only other noteworthy celebration in Philadelphia on the Fourth was the presentation to that city of the Catholic Total Abstinence Fountain, erected in Fairmount Park by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.



PENNSYLVANIA.—GRAND FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC, GIVEN BY GEO. W. CHILDS, ESQ., TO THE NEWSBOYS OF PHILADELPHIA, AT FAIRMOUNT PARK—THE INVITED GUESTS WAITING FOR THEIR TICKETS AT SIXTH STREET AND INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. W. MELVILLE.

## A POLITICAL CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH AT WOODSTOCK, CONN.

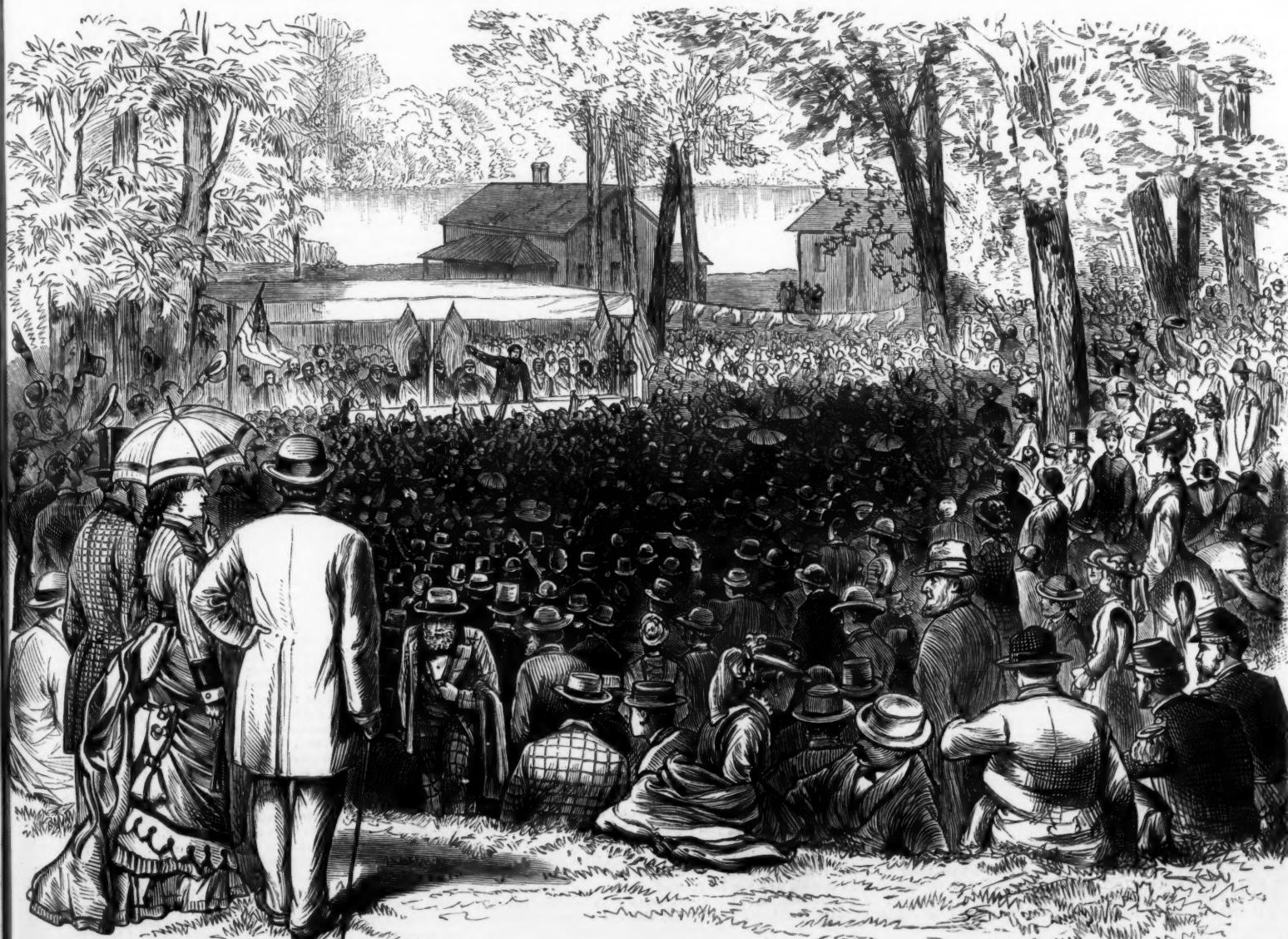
FOR several years, Mr. Henry C. Bowen has been in the habit of getting up unique celebrations on the Fourth of July, at his pretty country-seat in Roseland Park, Woodstock, Conn. In 1870 he had President Grant, General Butler, M. Catecazy (the Russian Minister), Mr. Beecher, Theodore Tilton, and other prominent gentlemen. This year his chief guests were Senator Blaine; ex-Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina; the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn; and Professor Northrop, of Yale College. A special car conveyed the gentlemen from New York to Putnam on the night of the 3d, where Mr. Bowen, backed by a band of music, met them at the depot. A cavalcade of citizens escorted the party to Roseland Park, which was elaborately illuminated, and after a few pleasant

remarks by Messrs. Blaine and Chamberlain, and Dr. Cuyler, the company retired.

On the Fourth, the Park was crowded with thousands of people. Mr. Bowen called his townsmen to order at half-past ten o'clock, and Congressman Wait assumed the chair. The first address was delivered by Professor Northrop, and when he took his seat, ex-Governor Chamberlain was introduced. He spoke from notes, with considerable declamatory efforts, and occupied about two hours in an elaborate attack upon the Southern policy of President Hayes. He was followed by Dr. Holmes, who recited a lengthy and patriotic poem. In the midst of loud calls Senator Blaine next arose, and spoke for about half an hour, supporting many of the political points raised by Governor Chamberlain. A poem, by Mrs. Mary Clemmer, was then read, after which Dr. Cuyler made a short address.

and Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont. He was received at the entrance of the Guildhall by a deputation consisting of four Aldermen with their chairmen, six members of the City Land Committee, including the mover and seconder of the resolution for presenting the freedom of the city to the General, and was by them conducted to the library, where he was received by the Lord Mayor, and took a seat on the dais, on the left hand of his Lordship, who occupied the chair as President of a Special Court of the Common Council, at which were assembled most of the members of the Corporation, the Aldermen wearing their scarlet robes and the Common Councilmen their mazarin gowns.

The resolution of the Court was read by the Town Clerk, and General Grant, after an address made by the Chamberlain, was admitted to the freedom of the city, the Chamberlain extending the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London,



CONNECTICUT.—THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY AT WOODSTOCK—EX-GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN'S ADDRESS IN ROSELAND PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. YEAGER.

Mr. Bowen's entertainment was brought to a close by a grand display of fireworks in the Park, after sunset.

## EX-PRESIDENT GRANT'S

## EUROPEAN TOUR—PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

ON Friday, June 15th, in accordance with the old-time regulations, ex-President Grant was presented with the honorary freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall. About eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, including several members of the Government, American consuls, merchants, and the principal representatives of the trade and commerce of London, were invited to meet the General at luncheon, subsequent to the civic ceremony. Among the guests were Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many Members of Parliament. The entrance to the hall and the corridors of the Guildhall were laid with crimson cloth. The walls were decorated with mirrors and exotics. The guests began to arrive about half-past eleven o'clock, and from that time until half-past twelve a steady stream of carriages poured into the Guildhall yard. General Grant arrived about one o'clock.

The General was accompanied by Mrs. Grant and Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont. He was received at the entrance of the Guildhall by a deputation consisting of four Aldermen with their chairmen, six members of the City Land Committee, including the mover and seconder of the resolution for presenting the freedom of the city to the General, and was by them conducted to the library, where he was received by the Lord Mayor, and took a seat on the dais, on the left hand of his Lordship, who occupied the chair as President of a Special Court of the Common Council, at which were assembled most of the members of the Corporation, the Aldermen wearing their scarlet robes and the Common Councilmen their mazarin gowns.

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which was cordially grasped amid renewed applause. General Grant replied in suitable terms, and then subscribed his name to the roll of honorary freemen, which concluded the business of the Special Court. General Grant was then conducted by the Lord Mayor to the Guildhall, where an elegant luncheon had been provided.

After the repast the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Queen, which was drank silently, with the music of "God Save the Queen." General Grant's health was then proposed amid tremendous cheering. The Lord Mayor, in proposing the health of General Grant, said: "I, as Chief Magistrate of the City of London, and on the part of the Corporation, offer you as hearty a welcome as the sincerity of language can convey. Your presence here, as the late President of the United States, is specially gratifying to all classes of the community, and we feel that, although this is your first visit to England, it is not a stranger we greet, but a tried and honored friend. Twice occupying as you did the exalted position of President of the United States, and therefore one of the foremost representatives of that country, we confer honor upon ourselves by honoring you. Let me express the hope and belief that when you take your departure you will feel that many true friends of yours personally, and also of your countrymen, have been left behind. I have the distinguished honor to propose your health. May you long live to enjoy the best of health and unqualified happiness."

The healths of United States Minister Pierrepont and the Lord Mayor, and toasts to the Army and Navy, etc., followed. General Grant left about four o'clock, accompanied by the deputation.

The gold casket presented to General Grant with the freedom of the city has on the obverse central panel a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the monogram and arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall and an appropriate inscription. At the end are two figures, also in gold, finely modeled and chased, representing the City of London and the United States, and bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns, laurel-wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle are also introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the City of London. The casket is supported by American eagles modeled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth decorated with stars and stripes.

#### BOTH HER BOYS.

THE house stood in a damp hollow, regardless of all sanitary considerations, between two almost impenetrable belts of gloomy, towering trees. It was not a cheerful house externally, though its gardens had more capital and labor invested in them than was bestowed upon all the grounds put together of the country round within a radius of ten miles. But nothing throne on the Baylon estate. Regiments of standard roses were planted afresh every year, and regularly as the next year came round they had to be removed, having signally failed to fulfill the fair promise they had made as to blooming. Myrtles were brought in from cottage-gardens in the villages, where they had flourished without care or culture, and had a vast amount of both bestowed upon them by the skilled horticulturists of the Court. They invariably faded, or refused to flower, or withered down from imposing-looking shrubs to wretchedly stunted plants. To be sure, now and again some perversely hardy annuals made a show along the ribbon borders for a short time, but those that bloomed were always the dullest colors and the most insignificant forms. So, though the gardens and grounds were in admirable order, and were brushed and combed into neatness, there was no beauty about them, and poor Mrs. Baylon began to despair of them altogether, and to pine for greenhouses and conservatories in which she could superintend the efforts that were made, and try her own hand at the work of cultivating flowers. But the Baylons who had gone before the present squire, her husband, had been "contented with flowers that were not too good to grow in God's open air," he told her, when she asked that the glass-houses might be built; so, though she pined for them, she went on leading a flowerless life, for Mr. Baylon's manner of refusing favors that were asked of him was, to say the least of it, depressing even to the dauntless, and Mrs. Baylon was far from being that.

No wonder that she pined for flowers, or for anything else that was pretty, at the Court. In spite of its vastness, its antiquity, its excellent preservation, its hoards of old, valuable and well-built furniture, in spite even of the beautiful scenery in which it was placed, life at this home of the Baylons was as devoid of all prettiness as could well be imagined. The sun's rays rarely found their way into the rooms, brightly as he shines in that fair Western county, by reason of the house being in a hollow, as has been said, and of the trees overwhelming it on every side. And the furniture, handsome as it was, belonged to the dark, gloomy, heavy order that requires to be ornamented and brightened up with massive gleaming silver bowls and tankards, and with glistening-surfaced china. But the silver at the Court was kept in the plate-chest, and the china lived in its own closet that was the size of a room, and the fair mistress of the house dared not dislodge a single article from its own stronghold under penalty of her husband's displeasure. And rather than bring that upon herself designedly, she would have left undisturbed an uglier life even than that which rolled on monotonously at the Court.

Not that Mr. Baylon ever brought his heavy hand to bear physically upon his wife, but he snarled at her, and browbeat her, and terrified her with rough looks and rough words, till she came to look upon the hours that he spent out of the house as the only happy ones of her existence—the only ones in which she felt at liberty to pick up a book, or alter the position of an ornament upon the mantel-piece, or caress her dogs, or rump with her children.

For the poor woman's life was not such an utterly arid plain as it would have been, had not the blessing of sons been vouchsafed to her. She counted herself a proud and happy woman when she could manage to forget her husband in the society of her two handsome, spirited boys, Rupert and Archie. They were all her own;

like her in disposition and person, like her in generosity and affection. Fair, beautiful, courageous, loving boys, they were as unlike the black Baylon stock as it was possible to conceive anything to be. They were all her own! Even their names were of her choosing, for Mr. Baylon, not having the faintest preference for one Christian name over another, had magnanimously allowed her to call her sons by names that were dear to her, because two of her brothers had borne them. All the love of her heart was given to these boys. All her hopes and pride were invested in them. The thought of their future enabled her to bear her own desolate present with something akin to cheerfulness when they were away at school. And when they were home for the holidays they infused a certain amount of warmth and color into her chilled and darkened life by the display of such love and tenderness, such devotion and thoughtfulness, as she was sure no boys but hers ever felt for a mother. In a word, she worshiped them, not because they were better or more beautiful than other people's boys in reality, but they were all her own; her idols; the gleam of brightness in what without them would have been a painfully sunless path.

Rupert was twelve, and Archie eleven, when Kathleen Boyne came to live at the Court. Kathleen was wearing crepe at the time, in remembrance of a grandmother, for whom she had not entertained any very deep affection while the lamented lady lived. But she loved grandmamma greatly for dying and being the cause of a sudden accession of new black frocks. Father and mother she had never known; the one had died, and the other had better have done so—poor, lost, unhappy creature!—than have deserted home and husband and child as she did, for the sake of a man who, in turn, deserted her.

Kathleen was just eight years old, and a sweet, little, imperious queen of a child, when circumstances threw her upon the guardianship of Mr. Baylon. He did not think it necessary to explain to his wife what those circumstances were, but briefly told her that such a child existed, and was coming to live with them. He further added that the boys were to be taught to regard Kathleen as their sister, and, "as for you, madam, if you coddle her up half as much as you do your poodle, and the paupers in the village, it's all I shall ask of you!"

"I'll try to do my duty by her," the sad-spirited woman replied, and conscientiously she carried out her promise. No mother could have bestowed more care and love upon a daughter than Mrs. Baylon gave freely to Kathleen. The duty became a pleasure as soon as she saw the bright, beautiful little girl, and, when Kathleen nestled in her arms and begged her to be "a real mamma," the gentle-hearted lady yearned to the little one, and she pledged herself solemnly to be to Kathleen what she prayed some other good woman would be to her boys, if she were taken from them.

Years rolled on, and the handsome boys grew into fine young men, and the child-queen into a bewilderingly beautiful girl, and still the fraternal relations between them seemed likely to be unimpaired. Still, when "the boys," as she called them, came back to the Court, Kathleen held up her face to be kissed by them, as frankly, now that the one was a full-blown barrister and the other a captain in the army, as in the old days when they were schoolboys, and she their pet and plaything.

"Take care that your sons don't fall in love with little Kate by-and-by," the squire had been wont to say to his wife, when the boys were young. "She has a strain of her mother in her, and will make the heart of the man who's unlucky enough to love her, ache—take care!"

"If I spent my life in trying to guard against it, it would come out just the same, if it is to be so," poor Mrs. Baylon, who was something of a fatalist, would reply; "and I can wish nothing better for either of my boys than such a girl as Kathleen for his wife; but I'll promise never to put the notion in their heads. Rupert and Archie will go out in the world and see other girls; if one of them still thinks Kathleen the fairest and the sweetest, you won't say him nay, will you?"

"She is the daughter of the greatest coquette in Christendom," the squire grumbled; "however, we must keep the girl here, and I'm not sorry for it, for I'm fond of her myself in a way, and what is to be will be, as you say. If she marries either of them, I trust it will be Rupert, for he will be able to stay at home and look after her—all your training hasn't eradicated the seeds of coquetry from her nature. She's a flirt to the very marrow of her bones."

"Poor child, you've never seen her tested!" Mrs. Baylon pleaded. "The boys are like brothers to her, and she never sees another man to flirt with. I think she is too true and too frank to trifle with and wrong any one who loves her. I have faith in Kathleen—"

"And I have none, for I knew her mother," the squire laughed. "But I like the girl for all that, and the boys must take their chance."

The boys took their chance; and, when Kathleen was about nineteen, Rupert came home to spend Christmas week in the old house, and fell in love with her in a sudden, unreasoning, sincere and manly way, and took the earliest opportunity of telling her that he had done so.

She listened to him with bent head and joyful eyes, and seemed to be very much surprised at the turn affairs had taken. Only three days before she had run out to the hall-door to meet him, and had held her cheek up to be kissed by him as usual. It seemed to puzzle her that he should want her to be his wife, but the puzzle seemed a pleasant one to her, as he gathered from the expression of her face.

"Papa and mamma will be very angry with you," was the first thing she said.

"Kathleen, you know they love you already as if you were their own child; besides, if all the world were angry with me I shouldn't care so long as you were pleased. Are you pleased that I love you, and want you for my wife, Kathleen?"

"Pleased that you love me? Yes. Pleased that you want me for your wife? Doubtful! You see it's an upset, Rupert; we've been told all our lives to love each other like brothers and sisters,

and we've done as we were told. It seems unfair on Archie that you and I should contemplate making a change without consulting him."

She said it so seriously that he fell into her humor.

"You shall write and tell Archie of our engagement to-day, if you will," he said.

"But we're not engaged. I'm balancing the for and againsts still. I like you and love you, and I like and love Archie, too; he's just as dear to me as you are. We had better not be engaged; we had much better not think of marriage, Rupert. Let us go on as we were before, and don't introduce complications."

"I can't go on as I did before; you've grown too dear to me for that," the young man said, earnestly. "It must be one thing or the other now, Kathleen; I must either go away, and not see you again, or you must promise to be my wife."

"You shall not go away, and I won't quite give you the promise; yet I may, by-and-by, when I've thought about it a little more and got used to it."

"Don't trifling with me; don't lead me on for nothing!" he pleaded.

"Don't be dictatorial," she laughed; "if I am worth having, I am worth waiting for." Then she changed her manner abruptly, and said, pleadingly: "Supposing I say that it shall be as you wish in good time, will you do me a little favor in return?"

"My darling, ask me anything—anything!"

"It's only a little thing that I ask, Rupert. Don't say anything about it to mamma or any one yet; let it be our own little secret, will you, dear?"

She held her rosy mouth towards him, and was so irresistibly coaxing that, as he kissed and clasped her to him, he granted the little favor she prayed for, though it was sorely against the grain that he did it.

"Everything must be as you like, my own Kathleen; but I don't like anything underhand. I abhor secrecy, and to observe it towards the dear mother, too! We've always told her everything, you know; don't let us begin deceiving her now. It will make her so happy to hear it; let me tell the mother!"

But Kathleen was resolute. It must be kept secret for a time—for as long as she liked—or she would have nothing to say to him! And, as he loved her so, he gave in to her whim, though his judgment was opposed to what he believed to be a "motionless deception." And affairs were in this unsatisfactory state when Archie came from the camp at the Currach on six weeks' leave.

The maintenance of the secret involved a great deal more restraint and circumspection than Rupert had contemplated, when unadvisedly giving in to Kathleen's caprice. The fraternal relation had ceased to exist; and, on pain of her displeasure, he dared not betray that other and more tender ones had been instituted. Accordingly, a certain reserve and stiffness characterized Rupert's bearing towards his promised wife in public, and the girl seemed to take a delight in teasing him, by being frigid towards him, and almost demonstratively affectionate towards Archie. "It was a pretty little game," she said; "quite as amusing as chess." She would insist upon his praising her acting powers; and to please her—he was so slavishly in love—he would sometimes profess to be entertained by the semi-sentimental flirtation which she carried on openly with Archie.

"But it's playing with fire, Kathleen," he said to her, warningly, once or twice. "Archie's a susceptible fellow, and as he is unconscious of treachery towards me, he may lose his head and place you in a dilemma by proposing to you; then it must come out, and how could we face him after selling him so?"

The girl crimsoned as she listened to her lover; but whether her emotion was caused by anger or contrition he could not divine.

"I will take care that Archie doesn't make a mistake, or lose either his head or his heart to me. You have no confidence in me, Rupert; no love for me, or you wouldn't hurt my feelings by hazarding such a proposition."

"I more than love you—I worship you," he answered warmly; "but I love my brother too."

"Then cease to wrong me by being idly jealous of him," she said, coldly; and, for the first time since the existence of their understanding, she left him angrily, and would not even give him the parting kiss of peace he craved for.

It added to his uneasiness this day when his mother—always on the alert when her boys were concerned—spoke to him about his brother. "Has it struck you that Archie is getting fond of Kathleen?" she began, and his whole frame trembled under the first shock of definite, realized jealousy, as he answered:

"I hope not fonder of her than he has been all his life, with all my heart and soul."

"But, my dear boy, why so vehemently opposed to the idea? Even your father, unreasonable on the subject years ago, long before I troubled my head with the thought of love or marriage in connection with either of you—even your father seems well pleased enough now."

"Well pleased with what?" poor Rupert asked, in agony. "Has it come to this, that you've talked about it—that there is anything to talk about—while I have been kept in the dark?"

"I can't help seeing that they are very much attached to each other; I have not spoken to either of them yet, but we all must see how very much attached they are," his mother replied.

"Then heaven help me!" Rupert said, in a tone of bitter misery, throwing himself down on the sofa by his mother. "Mother, you may as well know it now! There's deception all round; she promised to marry me, pretended that she loved me! Good heavens! how can such an arch-traitress have grown up in your pure, truthful atmosphere?"

"My boy, my Rupert! I may be mistaken—I must be mistaken," poor bewildered Mrs. Baylon cried. "Our Kathleen could never bring herself to cause such misery; but why wasn't I told? No, she can't have acted so basely, and I've wronged and misjudged the girl I love so a daughter; it's just a sister's love she's giving to Archie, and perhaps he's in her secret, and—oh, my boy, don't fret!"

The poor mother was powerless to combat this grief, or to assuage it in any degree. These sons had been her joy and comfort all their lives, and now, when trouble fell upon one of them for the first time, she could do nothing to aid him to bear it—nothing to lighten the burden to him! Such trouble, too! If it had been brought upon him by any other man, she might have been able to counsel him how to bear it. But to have fallen on him through his brother's agency! They were both her boys, she loved them both better than she did her life; and now one could only be happy at the expense of the other, if her fears were true.

If her fears were true! There was still a doubt about it. She rose up from his side, and lifted his bowed head on to her bosom and bade him take courage, and have faith in Kathleen still. "I'll go to her at once, Rupert; I'll tell her that my son couldn't keep his foolish secret any longer from his mother, and Archie shall hear directly that he mustn't try to engross his brother's bride; be hopeful, my son!"

"You speak more hopefully than you feel, mother. I've shut my eyes to the danger, because it was too ghastly and mean a one for me to bear to contemplate it. But now you've seen it, and spoken about it, and I know I've been betrayed; but heaven knows it's not Archie that I blame—he knows nothing."

Mrs. Baylon determined to go to Kathleen. She would not compromise her charge by implying, even to Archie, that the girl had been less discreet than it was well his brother's promised bride should be. So she sought Kathleen, and found her in her own room doing nothing, and looking sad.

"You have come to scold me!" she cried, impetuously, jumping up and putting her arms round Mrs. Baylon's neck. "Don't do it yet; I'm so sorry, I'm so frightened!"

"What about? Make a clean breast of it, Kathleen," said Mrs. Baylon, softly. "I may have to scold you afterwards, but I'll hear what your trouble is first."

"You'll forgive me, whatever it is?"

"Stop a moment, dear; instead of scolding you, or hearing your confession, I'll make everything easy for you, by telling you that Rupert has taken me into his confidence, and that I congratulate my adopted daughter on the engagement to my eldest son."

Mrs. Baylon tried to speak cheerfully, but her heart was beating thick with apprehension of what she might be called upon to hear.

The girl fidgeted and blushed, and finally added:

"You say it as if you wouldn't have congratulated me if you had heard of my engagement to your youngest son."

"Ah, Kathleen, remember they are brothers; they love each other so well!"

"You do know—you do suspect something more than Rupert has told you," the girl said, eagerly. "Oh, love me still, help me, I am so unhappy! I kept the secret as a joke at first, and then Archie came home, and—now I dare not tell him."

"Then it is true he loves you, too!" the mother panted. "Kathleen, child that I've loved so, what have you done? Heaven help them; both my sons deceived by you! Why have you stabbed me through in this way? Their happiness has been the only thing good that I've had in my life; couldn't you leave it to me?"

She had put away the girl's clinging, clasping arms as she spoke, but Kathleen would not be repulsed. She had worked mischief and misery for want of thought, not want of heart, and it galled her to the quick to be reproved and treated coldly.

"Don't push me from you," she pleaded. "Rupert would be kinder than that, and it's for Rupert's sake you hate me now; you don't care for Archie's pain; he loves me, too, and he will have to lose me, and I have to tell him the truth and teach him to despise me—and oh, no one will pity me!"

"I will pity you, I will try to help you, if—if you'll only be truthful, if you'll only try to mend the mischief; you must not see Archie again. I knew he couldn't have wronged his brother knowingly, I knew he was ignorant. My boys are gentlemen, and they have always loved each other and given each other their due. Archie must be spared as much as possible, Kathleen, but not at the expense of his brother; you are pledged to Rupert, and Archie must bear his disappointment."

"You'll teach him to hate me," the girl interrupted; "let me see him once, only once, and tell him of my fault myself; that will be punishment enough for me. Let me see Archie once again."

"My sons are gentlemen," the mother repeated proudly, "there can be no danger in what you ask; they will both renounce you if you go with your heart to one while you leave the promise of your hand with the other. What has made you do it, child? Why have you played at love with natures so much finer than your own, when it was only vanity actuating you?"

"No, no, no!" Kathleen cried, falling down on her knees, "not vanity when Archie is concerned. I love him, I love him, and he will never know it. Isn't that hard enough? You only feel for Rupert—"

"And you only for yourself," Mrs. Baylon said, sternly. "There shall be no dissension made between my boys. If Rupert can trust you after this, I'll not interfere, but Archie shall not see you and be worked upon by you; my son is but human, and, though I think it impossible, you might teach him to be untrue to his brother and himself. Leave him his honor if you have robbed him of his happiness."

"I have no care for me," the girl wailed; "I have loved you all so much, and you'll all come to hate me, and, though I may deserve it, I shall feel it hard all the same. I never meant to do any harm. I never knew it was real harm till to-day, when Archie said a word or two that showed me that the end was come! Kiss me and forgive me, mother! I may lose you all, and the worst that may happen to you all is that you may lose me; and, as I'm such a doubtful blessing, that may be the best thing that could be."

What could Mrs. Baylon do but "kiss her and forgive her"? "Evil can't come through her,"

the too partial friend thought as she enrobed the girl's bent head; "but there must be no more secrets, no more folly, dear," she added aloud, and Kathleen, relieved from her fear of being further reprehended just at present, sprang to her feet joyfully, and gave every promise that was asked of her.

"Rupert need never be troubled about Archie," she finished up. "Go back and tell Rupert that the engagement shall be made public immediately, and then he'll understand that there's no difficulty; as for Archie—"

She paused, and Mrs. Baylon asked anxiously: "Yes, what of my other boy?"

"He'll never make a sign, I'm sure of that," Kathleen answered, proudly; "if I'd behaved three times as badly as I have, Archie would never blame me, and never seem to think me wrong. We can all trust him—you to spare his brother's feelings, I to spare mine."

"And may it all end well, and be a warning to you, Kathleen," Mrs. Baylon said, weeping; "I am trying to think hopefully about it, I'm trying to believe that all my children will come unscathed out of the trial." But though she said this, and so tried to cheer the girl, who was crushed by the consciousness of her error, or perhaps by the consideration of its consequences, Mrs. Baylon's heart misgave her sorrowfully, and for the first time in their lives she shrank from meeting her sons. It seemed to her that, if Rupert could be thoroughly satisfied with Kathleen for his wife after all this, that she (his mother) could never be thoroughly satisfied for him; and this, to a woman who so completely identified herself with the interests and hopes and disappointments of her children, was a disheartening conviction.

Through the long hours of this day the two women kept apart from each other, each bearing her special burden alone according to her lights. Mrs. Baylon characteristically confined herself in striving to mature some plan by which she could keep the peace, make her children happy, and still not outrage her own conscience. Kathleen occupied herself equally characteristically in arranging how she could place her conduct of the last few days before them all in such a pleasant, pretty light, that they would go on regarding her as the blameless, bewitching, always-to-be-forgiven idol of the household that she had been from her little childhood. And the two young men spent their time in nervous avoidance of each other, in distrust of themselves, their mother, and, above all, of the girl who had introduced the element of discord into their lives.

It was not a happy party that sat down to dinner at the Court that evening. Even the squire remarked that there was something wrong, and, in his grim and uncouth way, made matters worse by discoursing about them. Rupert was grave, but not gloomy, for his mother had given him Kathleen's message, and he had resolved to trust her as before, and to love her more than ever. As for Archie, he was neither grave nor gloomy, but that he was excited and uncertain his mother saw with pain, and intuition taught her that Kathleen had held some communication with him in spite of her promise to the contrary.

As for Kathleen, she only volunteered one remark, and that was to the effect that it was "a fine bright night, and that the avenues in the north plantation were always at their loveliest when the snow was on the ground and the moon was up."

Time did not fly any faster when dinner was over, and the party had adjourned to the drawing-room. Kathleen seemed to recover her spirits, but her spirits led her astray, it seemed to Rupert, for he failed to keep her near him for a single moment. When he went to her at the piano she broke into louder song, and went on pouring out uncertain strains of melody so waveringly and inharmoniously, that even the sleepy master of the house roused himself to express a hope that she "would do her practicing in the morning for the future." Archie buried himself among the cushions of a sofa and the pages of a novel, but once he rose to put another candle on the piano, and as he did so he muttered: "Keep your promise; this state of things can't go on."

They kept early hours at the Court. At ten, Archie said good-night to them, and when his mother asked him "if he means to go out into the bitter cold to smoke his cigar as usual," he replied, "No, his bedroom fire would be the divinity he should worship to-night, not the cold starlight." And she kissed his hot forehead, and blessed him, and bade him sleep well; and so he went out.

"Good-night, old fellow," the brothers said to each other simultaneously, and Rupert followed Archie half-way to the door with extended hand, but Archie did not see him.

Then Rupert turned to his love and whispered:

"It's all clear between us, my own; may I tell my father now? We will never have a secret from our nearest again, Kathleen."

"Tell him when I'm gone to bed, and I'm going to bed now; I'm tired, I'm worn out," she said, impetuously; "my little concealment has been put before me in the light of a crime to day, Rupert; let me go and recover my faith in myself."

She rose as she spoke, and stood irresolutely before him, and his mother watched them with a faint smile and a faint heart.

"Tell him to let me go, mamma," Kathleen said, presently, with weary pettishness. "I will be as obedient as a slave to the voice of my owner after to-night, but just to-night I am a slave to nervousness! Tell him to let me go."

A sob broke her voice; and, filled with pity and fear for them both, his mother said:

"Let her go, my boy;" and when Kathleen availed herself of her liberty with alacrity and flew out of the room, the poor lady added: "Heaven direct you in what you do, Rupert, and teach her to reward you."

"And teach her to love me better," was his mental addition to his mother's prayer, poor fellow, as he finally went away, half hoping that Archie might have altered his mind and gone into their common smoking-room.

But Archie was not there, and the room was dull and cold without him. A comfortable old room it was in itself, too, and endeared to him by a thousand associations connected with his happy

boyish days of free, loving, unfettered intercourse with Archie and Kathleen. Would that intercourse ever be free and unfettered again, he wondered? Had his brother's love for Kathleen been nipped in the bud soon enough and effectually enough for their respective barks to float serenely over the sea of family life for the future? All that must depend on Kathleen, he reminded himself. If she had the tact and truthfulness, the grace and generosity which he believed her to have, it would all be well.

He had been standing at the window as these thoughts passed through his mind, looking down into the heart of the north plantation, which looked a mysterious, uncomfortable place enough in the cold starlight. Presently he remembered Kathleen's words at dinner about the avenues leading at their loveliest when the snow was on the ground, and the moon was up. In another minute he had opened the window, and gone down to the edge of the belt of trees. A step or two more and he was under their black shadows, and then he looked back at the light in his mother's window, and saw the reflection of her figure moving about the room; and half unconsciously longed the more for happiness in his marriage, in order that a portion of the reflected brightness of her children's lives might pass into his mother's.

"It's late in the day for her to begin to enjoy herself," he thought, "but it will be more perfect enjoyment to her than she's ever known, if all goes well with Archie and me."

The thought had hardly crossed his mind, when whispering voices caught his ear, a woman's form rustled in the bushes close to him, and he saw his Kathleen standing, her head on a man's shoulder—that man's arm encircling her. In an instant he was by her side—still in the shadow of the trees—speechless with grief and shame, and outraged love and trust; he was unrecognized, and Archie's startled instincts caused him to raise his hand, and strike the invader a heavy blow.

He reeled and fell, and when they bent over him and shrieked his name in their horror and fear, no answer came, for the sharp edges of a jagged stump of a tree had cut into his brow, and it was a dead heart that Kathleen tried to convince of her fidelity, in spite of appearances.

His mother believed Archie, when he knelt and told her that he was innocent of the great offense of raising his hand knowingly against his brother—raised him, and loved him, and suffered for him, and lamented him, even as she loved, and sorrowed, and suffered for, and lamented Rupert. But Archie had to take his trial in spite of her faith in him, his trial by the laws of his country—that was soon passed. The trial that was never over was his vivid remembrance of his brother's life and his own honor was sacrificed.

He never renewed his wooing of Kathleen; indeed, he never saw her again after the terrible day of the inquest, when she was dragged before the jury to give evidence against him. When it was all over, he left the service and the country, leaving his mother to take care of the broken, penitent girl who had been the cause of robbing her of both her boys; and Kathleen knew that there was justice in his course, though there was little mercy in it.

#### Table Manners.

It was reported of Lord Byron that he said that the most ungraceful act which a woman could perform was the eating of an egg. M. Sainte-Beuve declared that a man of genius cannot possess bad manners—a statement which is as dangerous as it is dogmatic. Whereupon the editor of a Paris publication, the title of which may be freely translated as *The Almanac of the Art of Living*, convicts Sainte-Beuve of no less than eight offenses at table. These offenses, it should be said, were noted by the master of ceremonies of the household of the late Emperor Napoleon. It adds to their heinousness that they were committed at the Imperial table, where in his double capacity as senator and man of letters the author of "Causeries du Lundi" was wont to break his fast. It is alleged that during this most impressive ceremonial M. Sainte-Beuve, spread his napkin over both his knees; he omitted to crush the shells of two boiled eggs which he had eaten; he asked for a second service of chicken; he touched the bones of the chicken with his fingers; he said "Thank you" to one of the servants; he left his knife and fork on the cloth; he peeled a pear latitudinally instead of longitudinally, and offered half of it to a lady; and, worst of all, he sniffed at his wine before drinking it. If the hapless editor had said that he would have some more wine, instead of some wine, or had drunk his coffee with a spoon in his cup, the deep damnation of his offenses could not have been more fully established. Let the profligate American who seeks to justify his blazing hot corn-cob read the explanation and rebuke the editor of the *Almanac de Savoir-Vitre* and despair. This eminent authority declares that it is necessary that the napkin should be nicely adjusted. It is horrible to spread it over the knees or to open it altogether. It should be partly unfolded and posed negligently upon the knee. Could this critic behold the capacious breast of an English milord or American alderman whitened by the snowy fall of his napkin, his consternation would be absolute. The other crimes of which M. Sainte-Beuve was convicted are duly specified, so that the anxious reader may see how much he must himself avoid. To peel a pear circumferentially, if we may use that phrase, is so manifestly bad form that we take it for granted that even people who seize their corn by the ear will be warned.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Turkish Bashi-Bazouks.

The Bashi-Bazouks, or Turkish irregular troops, represented in one of our foreign pictures, are estimated to number 30,000 foot and 10,000 horse. They are volunteers from all parts of the Empire, and, as a rule, are little mindful of discipline, and possess a somewhat dubious standard of morality. They wear no particular uniform, their arms only being supplied by Government; but, notwithstanding their faulty organization, form valuable scouts to clear the way for an advancing army or to harass the enemy's flanks and capture his convoys. The wretches who devastated Bulgaria were the Circassian portion of the irregular troops, who, at the time of the final subjugation of their country by

Russia, emigrated into Turkey. These should not be confounded with the majority of these troops, who, though lawless, are not such utter barbarians as the heroes of the Bulgarian massacres.

##### The Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.

On Sunday, June 10th, the London division of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers attended divine service at Westminster Abbey. The corps, numbering about 180 of all ranks, were met at the door of the Abbey by Dean Stanley, and proceeded to take up places reserved for them in the centre of the nave. The Dean spoke of the value of freedom and independence—first, of our country; secondly, of the church; and, thirdly, of the human soul. The nation which lost its freedom lost half its virtue, and in losing its independence lost half its chance of serving God and mankind. Freedom was, however, only worth having in proportion as it helped us to do our duty.

##### The War in the Orient.

One of our war-pictures this week taken at Rustchuk, the headquarters of the Turkish commander-in-chief, sets before the reader's eye a "squad" of Turkish artillery recruits practicing their regular drill. They seem to be learning the knack of taking "sights" for laying the guns in a field battery; and we see them, with rifles mounted on tripod rests, studying the long-range practice, in the camp of Hassan Pasha. The ceremony of bestowing decorations on fifteen soldiers and seven officers of the Roumanian army, the first of them who were under fire at Oltentza, though really not at all in danger from such a distant cannonade, is the subject of another cut. It was performed by Prince Charles of Roumania, accompanied by the Princess, his wife, in the Cotroceni Field, at Bucharest, on the 23d of May. The Prince is shown in the act of placing the decorative ribbon and badge on the breast of General Manu.

##### New Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Amongst the numerous improvements which have recently been effected in St. Paul's Cathedral, the opening out of the eastern portion of the crypt, as a chapel for early morning prayer, is perhaps the most important. In the apse a handsome altar, or communion-table, of oak, has been erected, the slab of which is supported upon a solid podium, adorned with richly moulded panels and twisted columns of the Ionic order; behind the altar is a richly carved "dossal," the panels of which are ancient work. The whole space in front of the altar, and the narrow aisle surrounding the apse, have been laid down with a mosaic pavement composed of arabesque ornaments, with the emblems of the Evangelists and the sacred monogram introduced in circular compartments. In the aisle, the few old monumental effigies which escaped the fire of London, and which form the sole remains of the magnificent ancient cathedral, have been re-erected, after having been scattered about for two centuries. None of these are of an early date; the most ancient is that which formerly adorned the fine monument of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, who died in the year 1579. This figure is sadly mutilated, but appears to have been a good example of English sculpture of the Elizabethan era. The effigies of William Hewett, 1592; and William Cokain, 1626, are equally fragmentary and imperfect. Of the magnificent monuments which these statues adorned nothing now remains, and the effigies have been placed upon plain stone tombs inscribed with the name of the person represented, together with his title and the date of his death. The coffin-shaped tomb represented in the immediate foreground of our illustration is that of the late Dean, Dr. Millman, who died in the year 1869. The mosaic pavement was the work of female convicts.

##### The Mycenaean Treasures at Athens.

As soon as Dr. Schliemann had completed his most important researches at Mycenæ, he determined that such treasures should not be lost to Greece, but generously presented all the antiquities which he had unearthed to the King, in order that they might form a Museum at Athens, which, as he truly said, would be one of the most marvelous in the world. A preliminary exhibition of a few of the most interesting objects has been held in the Athenian Bank, where our sketch represents them. It was remarked that the richness of the appearance of so much gold did not compensate for the absence of solidity which characterized most of the disinterred antiquities. Beginning with the right hand of the table, there were some curious gold and silver goblets, and then in a tray in the foreground a brown bull's head, with golden horns, one of which was fractured. On the forehead was a golden star, and there was a patch of gold on the nose. In the next tray to the left were the gems of the collection, golden masks, one being a life-like cast of the face of a man of middle age, handsome, rather stern-looking, with straight features, and a short but perfect head. Next to the tray is a tray full of golden ornaments, and then come some swords with copper blades and golden handles. Round to the right are the much-talked-of golden breastplates, thin sheets of plain gold, and in the centre of the table is a pile of golden coins or "buttons." In the trays to the right are armlets and rings, also of the precious metal; and on the other side of the table may be seen the bones of their former wearers.

##### The Fenge Inquiry at Bromley.

A mysterious case has lately been attracting attention in England, whose leading features, so far as yet been made public, may be briefly stated thus: A lady, who is now married to a clergyman, had, by her first husband, a daughter who was of weak intellect, and who was also entitled to a large sum of money. While staying away from her mother, with some relatives, the daughter, who was then thirty-four years old, became engaged to a young Roman Catholic, many years her junior, and in June, 1875, against the mother's wish, she married him. Three weeks after the marriage the mother saw her daughter for the last time alive. Her daughter ceased to write, and all attempts to see her were vain. She could not even trace her place of abode. Various disquieting rumors reached her ears. She went to a secluded place at Cudham, in Kent, where her son-in-law, Louis Staunton, was living in company with his brother Patrick and Patrick's wife. She implored them to let her see her daughter. The sight of her hand on the banister or the sound of her voice would satisfy her. Her appeal was in vain; they repelled her, so she alleges, with contumely and insult. Soon after the val was partially lifted from the mystery. On the evening of the 12th of April last, the three Stauntons—that is, Louis, Patrick and Patrick's wife—engaged lodgings at Fenge for an invalid lady. Shortly afterwards she was brought thither in a carriage, and next day she died. This lady was Mrs. Butterfield's daughter. A coroner's inquest was held, and the Bromley magistrates committed the four persons represented in our engraving—that is, Louis Adolphus Staunton, Patrick Staunton, his wife Elizabeth, and Alice Rhodes, who are seated in the order above mentioned—for trial on the charge of willfully murdering Harriet Staunton.

##### A Disastrous Accident at Bath.

On Wednesday, June 6th, in the town of Bath, England, was held the 100th meeting of the West of England Agricultural Society. An excursion train, with about 900 passengers, arrived at Bath early that morning. The excursionists had only to cross the road outside the station and get on the wooden suspension-bridge across the Avon, and which led to the show-yard; and when

but a very few of them had got clear to the other side the bridge collapsed and carried most of the 200 who were upon it at that moment into the river beneath. The bridge, which was used only for foot passengers, was built about fifteen years since. At the side furthest from the station was a toll-house, at which every person on arrival had to pay a half-penny. Some dispute is said to have taken place between the collector and a passenger, upon which the former closed the gates. As the stream of excursionists continued the bridge was speedily crowded to its utmost limit, and about 200 were upon it when with a sudden crash the structure gave way, tearing itself in two on the wall on the bridge side. As it fell it canted over on one side, and some were thus thrown out into the river clear of the wreck; but others were carried down with it and received injuries from the falling timbers, whilst the marks on some of the dead showed that the fatal injury was due partly, if not entirely, to blows. The dead numbered eight, while the injured numbered fifty-five.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—At Tehama, on the Sacramento River, a few days ago, 110,000 shad, a month old, were set free. They were sent by rail from Havre de Grace, Maryland.

—An appeal is made through the London *Times* in behalf of an aged and destitute grand-niece of Oliver Goldsmith. She is eighty-seven years old, and in weak health.

—The loss of flesh in a live beast during eight days' travelling from its starting-point on the Continent to its slaughter-place in England is computed as on an average amounting in value to \$9.

—OHIO owns eight hundred miles of canals, which have been leased to a company for several years. This company, finding them unprofitable now, gives notice that it will give up the lease on the 1st of next January.

—FUNERALS in Virginia City are generally made ostentatious and very expensive. Father McGrath, a Roman Catholic priest, said in a sermon that more money was spent there in burying the dead than for the curing of the sick.

—A GENTLEMAN living in Cottonwood, Cal., a few nights ago awoke from his sleep and saw his daughter, who was a somnambulist, passing through his chamber. He stretched out his hand and awoke her, when she suddenly fell dead.

—TEXAS has fifty wheat-producing counties, one-fifth of which, if fully cultivated, would produce 86,000,000 bushels of grain. It has also 69,124,000 cotton-yielding acres, which, if taxed to the extent of their productiveness, would yield 6,962,000 bales—more than the entire product of the world.

—A METEORIC stone fell, on the 19th of June, at Bowling Green, Ky., within ten or fifteen feet of a little boy at work on a farm, striking a tree with a report like that of a small cannon. It weighs about a pound and a half, and resembles a fragment of grindstone; but it is much harder and heavier.

—THE army engineers invited by President Hayes to examine and report a plan for securing the foundation of the Washington Monument propose to buttress the clay foundation of the monument so that the shaft may with absolute security be continued to the height originally intended. The cost will be only \$50,000.

—A MARITIME and piscatorial exhibition has lately been held at the Aquarium, Westminster, England. It is significant of the interest felt in the subject that at the present time there are no fewer than eighty angling clubs in London and its suburbs, the members of which, to a great extent, belong to the working-classes, numbering about 5,000.

—SOME very noticeable changes are going on in the Mississippi River at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Since the 22d of March Delta Point, opposite the former city, has receded 695 feet, while at Port Hudson a bar is reported to be forming across the stream, which will necessitate the removal of the railroad terminus to Clinton, or some lower town.

—THE Savannah *News* believes that the lands of Northern Georgia are based upon a gold-bearing stratum quite fabulous in its richness. At Dahlonega the other day, directly after the falling of a heavy shower of rain, a little barefoot street-urchin found fifteen or twenty large particles of gold in about half a gallon of earth, scraped up in front of the Court House door.

—IT is one of the odd phases of the labor question in St. Charles Parish, La., that the freedmen object to working under overseers who carry umbrellas to keep off the sun, after the fashion of the overseers in slavery times. The freedmen either consider the umbrella a mark of degradation, or have a superstitious belief that it forebodes their return to slavery, and employers have to respect their wishes.

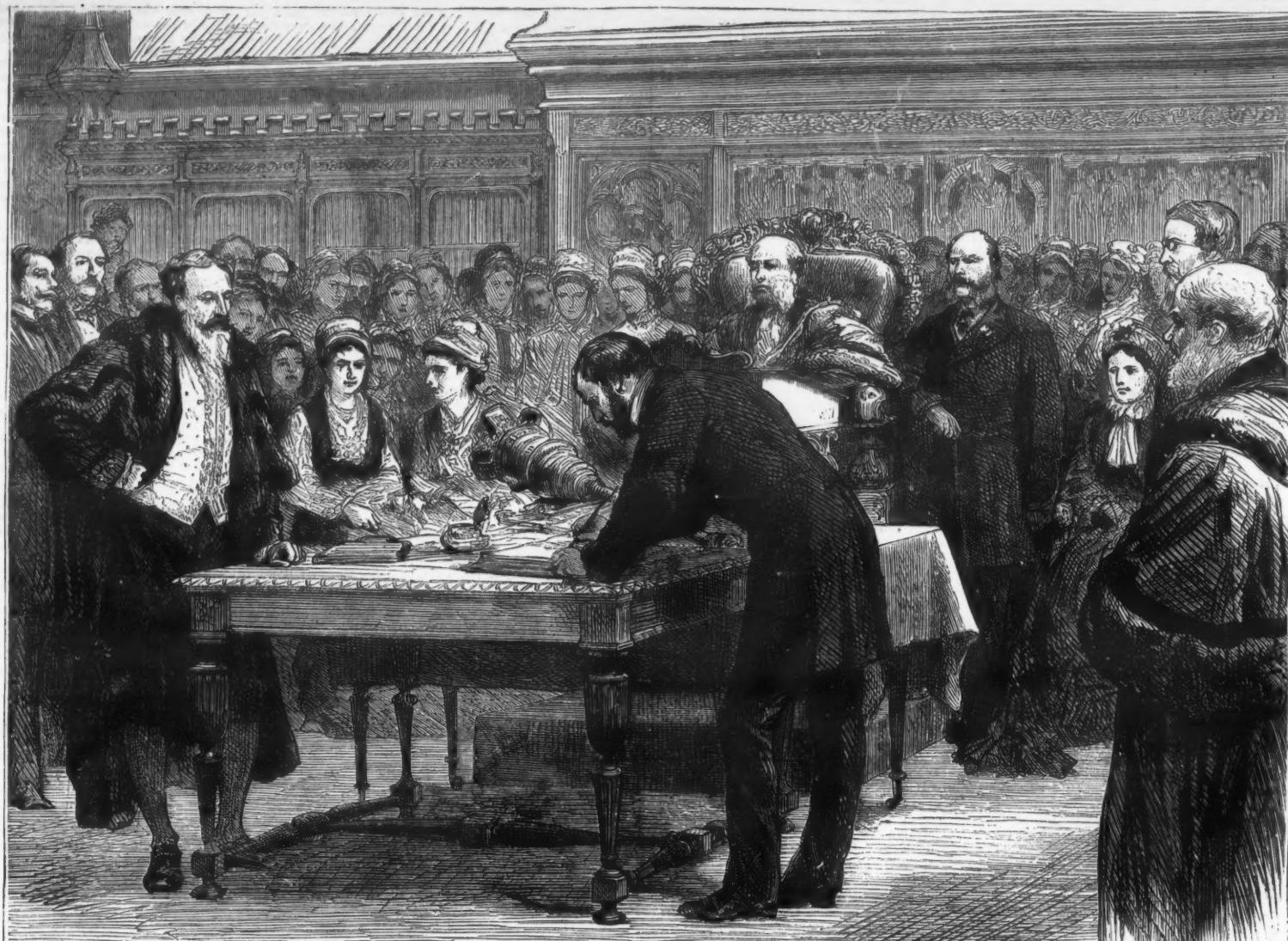
—A WONDERFUL automaton is now being exhibited in London, and puzzles even those who studied out the secret of Robert Houdin or Le Droz's ingenious mechanisms. The figure is that of a woman, in a sitting posture, which is placed upon a light stand, allowing no possible cover for a confederate, yet it adds up long columns of figures and writes down the result, writes anything it may be called upon for, and executes outline sketches.

—AMONG recent innovations in the British Army are new helmets. The material is of felt, with a brass spike on the top and a brass plaque in front, consisting of a star mounted by a crown, with the royal motto surrounding the regimental number. There is a brass scale chin-strap, and a small brass scale chain above the peak, which gives the helmet a light and handsome appearance. There is a neck-piece behind, and the peak is of the Prussian shape.

—THE birthday of the Prophet was celebrated at Cairo this year with the traditional passage of the mounted imam over the bodies of the faithful. These were mainly from the lowest classes—camel and donkey drivers, grooms, etc.—and numbered some three hundred, over whose prostrate forms the imam rode for a quarter of an hour. There were the usual casualties, broken arms and ribs and fractured skulls, while some fifteen of the fanatics have already died, or are likely to do so.

—A MEDICAL restaurant has been lately established in London, on the principle that diseases can generally be cured by a special system of diet, and that they are caused chiefly by improper food. On the entrance of a visitor a physician asks him regarding his ailments. His meal is then prescribed, and he is allowed to eat no more than is presented to him. At the close he is dismissed to smoke a medicated cigar and to sip coffee, camomile tea, or whatever other beverage may be considered advisable.

—GENERAL SHERMAN is said to have remarked that it was necessary after the rebellion that the greatest soldier of the war should become President; and it was in accordance with the philosophy of history that a person, chiefly known as a civilian, who, however, had an honorable position in the Union Army, should be the next President; and that the President who takes his seat in 1881 will be a man who fought upon the Confederate side, who was young enough to see that he was in error and has acknowledged it.



1. GENERAL GRANT SIGNING THE RECORD.

2. THE BANQUET—THE LORD MAYOR PROPOSING QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEALTH.

ENGLAND.—THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO EX-PRESIDENT GRANT, IN THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY, JUNE 15TH.—SEE PAGE 337.



THE "BEER TRAMP."

**A BIOGRAPHY OF THE TRAMP.**  
THE professional tramp combines all the distinguishing characteristics of every known class of people, yet is singularly unlike any other human being. In independence he is without a peer; in address, as variable as the classes with whom he invites himself to eat salt and break bread; in fertility of resource he is the equal of a Von Moltke or an Ignatief; in persistency he could even set a lesson for Grant himself. He wears a mask of nonchalance with a grace as irresistible as when he assumes the dignity and bearing of an unrecognized and ill-considered genius. Lord Chesterfield was never more polite than he can be; Dick Turpin never more bold; Job himself never more patient. Like Micawber, he is ever waiting for something to turn up; unlike him, however, he doesn't appear to care in the least whether the times continue in good joint or not. He is at once the fit companion of Mark Tapley, Dick Swiveler and Uriah Heep. He is humble and proud, a swineherd and a hero. Garrulous sometimes, he is most considerate and thoughtful at others. His diplomacy is original and ingenious; his industry can be marvelous. Day after day he is seen in a different character, yet he is always the same self-possessed tramp. He can render himself as tender as a child or a woman in love; and he can, if occasion seems to demand, outwit a Traupman, a Thomason or a Lydia Sherman, in fiendish atrocity.

The tramp, if his disposition and course of life are not intuitive, has formed his code of procedure from the gypsies of Old Bohemia, but in adapting the itineracy to the field specially chosen he has so far enlarged their platform and interspersed so many requisites peculiar to a tour of the United States as to nearly obliterate all marks of similarity with those audacious and coquettish people.

At the present writing the New York Board of State Charities report that there never were so many of this class on the road. This condition also holds good throughout the favorite section of the tramp—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massa-



THE "GRUB TRAMP."



AN EVENING SCENE IN MADISON PARK.—THE TRAMPS' FREE LODGING-PLACE.



COUNTRY TRAMPS COOKING STOLEN CHICKENS.

west bank of the Hudson to New Jersey, and through that State to the borders of Pennsylvania. The bulk of the New York tramps stick to New York State, but a great many wander through Ohio and penetrate as far as Illinois before contemplating a return to the metropolis. Ohio is the paradise of tramps. The roads are better than in most of the Western States, and comfortable farmhouses abound. The New York tramps have a monopoly of Long Island and of the shore on the opposite side of the Sound. When they happen to have a few dollars, which is very seldom, they take to peddling in a very small way without either leave or license; but as a rule the tramp dislikes being encumbered with any responsibility whatever. When he quits his Winter quarters for his Summer vacation he has an abiding hope that before the season is over his avoiduipois weight will be double, and his stock of adipose tissue sufficient to last him through the months of cold and starvation. His traveling equipment is of the lightest possible kind. As a rule the tramp travels alone, as it makes him less an object of apprehension to the farmer than when accompanied by a fellow-tramp.

One tramp thus describes the method of working a small town: Two peddlers go together, but separate when they enter a village—one taking one side of the road and selling different articles, and, so as to inform each other as to the character of the people at whose homes they call, they chalk certain marks on their doorposts. Another informant stated that if a singing tramp had been entertained at any of the houses he mostly chalks a signal at or near the door. The tramps, however, go further than this,



"MISTER, PLEASE GIVE ME A FEW PENNIES!"

and design charts of successful begging districts. Mayhew, in his account of the London poor, says that "in almost every one of the padding-kenos or low lodging-houses in the country there is a list of walks pasted up over the kitchen mantelpiece. At St. Albans, for instance, and at other places, there is a paper stuck up in each of the kitchens. This paper is headed, 'Walks Out of this Town,' and underneath it are set down the names of the villages in the neighborhood at which a beggar may call when out on his walk, and they are so arranged as to allow the cadger to make a round of about six miles each day and return the same night. In many of these papers there are sometimes twenty walks set down.

The American city tramp, when for a brief time out of breath, may be seen recuperating in the public squares, sleeping either upon the benches or Nature's emerald carpet, not only drinking, but performing the small amount of ablation that does not tend to sacrifice his independent character, in the fountain-basins. If he cannot beg his food and drink from passers-by, he takes a position in some well-frequented saloon, and, until driven out, can line his stomach pretty comfortably from the free-lunch counter. He will not hesitate to solicit a drink of beer or whisky. If denied, he is content to drain the dregs from an emptied keg.

An unkind word, a bitter imprecation or a forcible expulsion rouses



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.



A SIGNAL FOR FUTURE VISITORS.

NEW YORK.—THE TRAMP NUISANCE—INCIDENTS IN THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF A TRAMP IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

in his breast the fury of a consuming outrage, when heaven's direst vengeance is called upon the head of the offender. That there are various degrees in this strange fraternity is shown by the fact that the city tramp is considered far below the country "tourist"—by the latter, of course. And it is true that the suburban traveler can manifest more gratitude and politeness than the city tramp, and is a much more successful philosopher. As this is the very harvest season, our readers will probably have an early opportunity of making the acquaintance of a representative of this race of beings. Let ladies be careful that, in recognizing the tramp, they do not permit the doors or windows to be opened far enough to display the location of fastenings, for a visit of courtesy and etiquette may be speedily followed by one of pilaging business.

## ON THE BEACH.

DOWN through the Park we rode at even,  
The white sands shone with a wondrous gleam;  
The sea blue and the blue of heaven  
Were mixed with the gold of the sun's last beam.  
The tide was out, and the sand hills dreary,  
Stretching away by the wave-kissed shore,  
Sat like wanderers wan and weary,  
Soothed to rest by the ocean's roar.  
  
Out where the misty horizon's curtain  
Dipped its edge in the purple sea,  
Sailed with a motion slow, uncertain,  
A white-winged bark like a sea-bird free;  
Far in the west a snowy cloud-bank,  
Fretted with gold and crimson bars,  
Reared its castled turrets proudly  
Upward towards the evening star.  
  
On the sands, where the great white surges  
Dashed their foaming heads in glee,  
Or mournfully chanted dirges dreary,  
A youthful pair rode merrily.  
She, with her hair like golden glory,  
And blushing cheek like a ripened peach,  
Listened with smiles to the old, old story,  
Her lover whispered that night on the beach.  
  
What cared they for the radiant splendor  
Of tinted clouds, or of sunset skies?  
The sea's soft music was not so tender  
As his voice or the light of her sparkling eyes.  
What to them was the bright commonwealth  
Of emerald waves on a rocky shore?  
Dearer by far was the thought of life's ocean  
Which they'd sail together for ever more.

## BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY  
BURKE O'FARRELL.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE DEATH-PORTENT OF THE FIENNESSES.

A Symonds had prophesied, it was six o'clock the next day before Mr. Fiennes returned to the Court; he went to the duke's hunting-lodge first, and came home at the last moment with his horses in a lather.

The whole house was in a fever of preparation; the well-trained servants, ordinarily so decorous and stately, were running hither and thither, and strange men jostled each other on the stairs and in the hall, for Mr. Fiennes had designed that this ball, the first and last he would ever give in the grand old stronghold of his forefathers, should be of unexampled magnificence. Gilders, hangers and decorators from town had been down for many days, with men from Covent Garden to superintend the floral ornamentation; and *frotteurs* from Paris, to wax the acres of cold black polished floors in the famous suite of blue drawing-rooms, which were to be entirely thrown open. Coots and Tinney's band had been engaged; Gunter and Fortnum and Mason had a *carte blanche* to furnish the supper between them; and the rarest and oldest vintages of the Fiennes Court cellars, which were beginning to be celebrated amongst *les vins*, were destined to be disinterred from their dark, cobwebbed hiding-places.

The first thing Mr. Fiennes did when he entered the Court was to go and take a last glance at the arrangements for the evening. Everything was completed except the finishing touches, and the effect was perfect. Fiennes Court looked more than magnificent, it looked princely—worthy of its master.

He was standing speaking to one of the people from Covent Garden, a man who was arranging festoons of costly exotics round the sculptured marble fountain in front of a vast glass plateau, when Mrs. Mifkins came in from the picture-gallery, with a white, scared look in her face, and approached with hesitating steps. She hovered about in uncertainty for a few minutes as if wishing, yet fearing, to go up and address him, for Mr. Fiennes was a veritable king to his servants—a sovereign, gracious and benign, it is true, yet surrounded by so much state and ceremony as to be only approached with awe and preparation.

At last, however, he observed her, and as he turned to leave the room accosted her.

"Well Mrs. Mifkins," said he, "do you wish to speak to me?"

She did not answer him for a moment, but stared in a dazed, terrified kind of way.

"Is anything wrong?" asked he, in alarm—his thoughts immediately flying in the direction of her whom he loved like his own soul—"is anything the matter with her ladyship? For God's sake, woman, speak, and do not look at me in that way."

"No, sir; thank God, there is nothing the matter with my lady," answered the ancient dame, slowly; "but oh, sir, have you been into the picture-gallery?"

"I? No," replied Mr. Fiennes, greatly relieved. "What about it?"

"Oh! sir, I have had such a dreadful turn"—and indeed she looked as if she had—"I went in ten minutes ago, just to see if all was right, when—when—"

"When what?" said Mr. Fiennes, beginning to get impatient.

"When just as I entered the north door," said Mrs. Mifkins, shaking all over, "I happened to cast down my eyes, and there, sir, I saw—"

"Saw what?"

"Oh, sir, don't be angry with me. I saw the blood-stains on the floor, as fresh as if they had

just been made. I never saw them so red and angry in my life before, and I've seen them many times."

"What blood-stains?" asked Mr. Fiennes.

"Why, the blood-stains," answered Mrs. Mifkins—"the blood-stains by the second window."

"Oh! I comprehend now," said he, smiling.

"And you know the tradition, sir?" she said, in a low, awe-struck voice.

"Yes, I know the tradition," he answered, still smiling. "Whenever death or disaster threatens any member of the race of Fiennes the clashing of ghostly swords is to be heard through the corridors, and the blood-stains in the gallery look red and gory again. That is the legend, is it not? And so, Mrs. Mifkins, you think something dreadful is going to befall me?"

"Oh, sir, don't laugh, pray don't!" said the old housekeeper, clasping her hands in terror. "I have been a faithful servant in your family, sir. I have lived at Fiennes Court nigh upon fifty years, and I never saw those stains turn to blood again without some misfortune following quick; believe me, sir, they never bode good."

"Nonsense, my good woman," replied Mr. Fiennes, turning to leave the room. "I have no doubt the appearance you speak of is caused by damp or some change in the atmosphere—or more likely by an old crone's fancies," he added to himself.

"Nonsense!" repeated the ancient housekeeper, with all the indignation she dared show, for the subject was a sacred one to her; "but will you come and see for yourself, sir?"

"No, certainly not, now; I am late as it is," he replied, looking at his watch, and then he went out.

"May the Blessed Virgin have mercy on you!" murmured the old dame, looking after him with her dim old eyes, "for whether you believe it or not, you are a dead man."

Half an hour after Mr. Fiennes was dressing for dinner; he had just come out of his bath, and was enjoying a luxurious ten minutes alone, wrapped in the folds of his rich violet velvet dressing-gown, with his slippers on the fender, as he smoked a cigar and dreamed of the happiness in store for him this evening—dreamed of the moment when he should see her again, as he always did when she was absent; of the long years of joy unutterable that stretched before them, of her deep love for him which filled his every sense with ecstasy, and of the happy, happy days to come, when her children and his children should throng around their knees, a little circle of golden heads whose baby voices should waken the long silent echoes of fatherhood in his heart again. His dream was such a delicious one that he was loath to wake up from it even to happiness; his afternoon's letters lay unheeded on his lap, and the ten minutes had been prolonged to twenty, when his valet tapped at the door and entered.

"If you please, sir?" said he, "a gentleman is waiting to speak to you on business of importance, he says," and Symonds handed his master a card, on which Michael read by the firelight the name of Rakewell Fiennes.

A look of pleasure came into Michael's eyes. "Where is Mr. Fiennes?" he asked.

"In the library, sir," replied the valet.

"Oh, very well! Go down and find Dierckx; tell him to go and give my compliments to Mr. Fiennes, and say that I am engaged, but will be down in ten minutes, and then come back to me yourself immediately."

The valet obeyed, and the Austrian-Polish courier, who had faithfully followed Michael Fiennes in all his wanderings, went in and delivered his master's message, at the same time ordering lights to be brought, and himself stirring the great log fire into a ruddy blaze that splendidly illuminated every corner of the lofty and spacious room, which was somewhat dark and gloomy-looking in spite of its antique splendor.

"Monsieur will perhaps like to entertain himself with the evening papers while he waits," said Dierckx; and placing them on the table, he withdrew.

Rakewell Fiennes, however, did not choose to avail himself of them, neither did he sit down, but stood in an attitude half-weary, half-disdainful, with his thin, white aristocratic hands spread over the flames, which seemed to leap and flash through them, so bloodless and transparent were they; and his hasty passionless eyes, wandering round that old, familiar room, where he had played in the days of his boyhood, and where the grim, dark portraits of his dead-and-gone ancestors looked down upon him from the paneled walls with eyes and features that seemed reflected in his own dark, arrogant beauty.

What were his feelings as he stood there in the grand old stronghold of his race, an exile and an alien in the halls that ought to have been his own? God alone knew. Was that dark and wasted soul, prey to the never-dying fires of remorse even in this life—an infinite hell of regret? Or did nothing survive amidst the ruins of its desecrated shrine but profound weariness and unfathomable disgust for all things on earth or under the earth? It was impossible to tell; that face, passionless because all passions had burnt themselves out in it, was utterly impenetrable, and revealed no more than the cold, gray ashes of an extinct fire which has consumed some dark secret.

The ten minutes were scarcely passed when Mr. Fiennes entered the room, looking high-bred and perfectly well-dressed, as usual, in spite of the haste he had made over his toilet affairs; for he did not deny to himself that he had a devouring curiosity to see this haughty and satanic kinsman of his, of whom he had heard and thought so much.

There he stood in the lurid glow of the fire-light, which gleamed and flickered redly over the weirdly grotesque figures on the black carved chimney-piece—a fitting background against which his tall, dark figure stood out haughtily defined—the last descendant of a race of demigods, great even in this extreme of his misery, sublime in the majesty of his sinister splendor; a fallen star that once illumined heaven, "*un roi banni, superbe et solitaire*."

Michael Fiennes advanced, with a pleasant smile of welcome lighting up his noble, handsome countenance, and held out his hand; but Rakewell

drew himself haughtily up, and they stood confronting each other—those two men, the one, who in his noble beauty, was the sublime type of all goodness, and the other, who, in his saturnine majesty, was the type of all-evil.

"I am so glad to see you at last," said Michael, who would not allow his generous hospitality to be chilled by his kinsman's menacing aspect. "I was beginning to fear that I should never enjoy the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

Rakewell stared more haughtily still.

"Oblige me by explaining yourself," said he. "I do not understand you."

"What?" said Mr. Fiennes, "have you received no communication from my lawyers? Did they not send you here?"

"Assuredly not," answered Rakewell, coldly. "And permit me to remark, sir, that at present I come and go where I please. I am not sent."

"Pardon me," said Michael, with sweet forbearance; "if I have expressed myself badly. I begged my lawyers—who are also, I believe, your lawyers—to give me their assistance in finding you, because I was told that you were in somewhat embarrassed circumstances, and I hoped that you would allow me to put myself at your disposal."

"In what way, may I ask?" said Rakewell, with impassible calmness.

"Oh!" answered Michael, smiling, "how can I express myself more clearly without—"

"Without shocking my susceptibilities. Do not be alarmed, I have none."

"Well, then, I hoped you would allow me to pay your debts," answered Michael, "since you force me to speak with so much seemingly indelicate plainness."

"Indeed! You thought that I should accept charity," returned Rakewell, perfectly unmoved; "but you would have had to exercise it on rather an extensive scale, as I suppose I owe about a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Happily I shall not put your charity to the test."

"You persist in regarding all I say from an unpleasant point of view," answered Michael, still good-temperedly; "but all I can say is that it will give me sincere pain if you do not permit me to serve you. Near kinsmen as we are, and the last descendants of an ancient race that is nearly extinct, surely it is a natural desire on my part that we should be friends."

"No doubt extremely natural on your part," retorted Rakewell, with a sneer, "but also, no doubt, if I were to admit the claim of kinsmanship with all my natural relations, I should have a good many more, and some even nearer than yourself; moreover, I have yet to learn that the descent of a family can be continued through bastards. Few races, I think, would become extinct if such was the case. For the rest, permit me to say that your efforts at friendliness are particularly offensive to me."

"In that case, perhaps you will permit me to ask for what purpose you entered my home?" said Michael Fiennes, with a calmness that was almost terrible it was so great, although his beautiful dark eyes began to flash, "for I presume you will allow that this is my house?"

"Certainly—that is soon told," replied Rakewell, with mockery on his thin lips and menace in his gloomy eyes. "I am here because you happen to displease me. I have lately found that this world is too circumscribed in its dimensions to hold us both; therefore, it is necessary to my comfort that one of us should leave it. Listen! You took my name, to which you had no more right than your groom; you took my position in the world, my identity almost, my lands, my ancestors, my home, the inheritance of glory and renown that my forefathers won for me—"

"Or, to put it in other words," interrupted Michael Fiennes, proudly, "you squandered your patrimony, you sold your birthright, you dragged your name through the foulest mire of the streets, and I came forward and saved the ancient home of our forefathers—yes, our forefathers, Rakewell Fiennes—from being devoured by vultures and carrion birds of every description."

Rakewell waved his hand imperiously, and went on again as if his cousin had not spoken: "You took all this, I say, and I never betrayed you. I had spent my money, and had all the enjoyment I could out of this pauper life. I let my affairs go to the devil, or, rather, to you, *de bon gré*, and never said one word to let the world know that you were an arch-impostor, living a long lie. What did I care whether you swindled a parcel of pig-headed, egotistical county families or not? You were nothing to me, and I was profoundly indifferent to everything concerning you. But the day came when you went a step too far—you took the woman I loved. You, who had robbed me of all I possessed, took her also; you stole her love which had been mine through all—through good report and evil report, until she saw you—and then I put forth my hand to crush you. But you have not been crushed; like the worm hewn in a hundred pieces you have reunited again. Folly and greediness and prudence, and the passion of a faithless woman, and the mammon-worship of a perfidious, selfish, blundering world, have resuscitated you. But this time I have come in person to call you to account. This time, I swear to you, you shall not escape me!"

"I certainly think you are mad!" said Michael Fiennes. "Misfortune must have turned your brain!"

"Perhaps," said Rakewell, coolly. "No doubt your father thought the husband of his mistress—your virtuous mother, I mean mad, when the canny Scotchman declined to make his wife a widow, and give you the opportunity of being born, at least—if not begotten—in the holy estate of matrimony; but, at least, you will confess that there must have been a method in his madness, since it had such an unpleasant influence on your honorable existence. And so there is in mine, although it is a different one."

"At present," said Mr. Fiennes, "it appears to me that I have enjoyed enough of your society; and, while I have still sufficient command over myself to resist the strong temptation I have to pick you up by the neck and fling you out of the window, as the quickest way of getting rid of such an impudent visitor, I think we had better come to an understanding. Of course, you want satisfaction; and, if you don't, I do."

"What sort of satisfaction?" sneered Rakewell.

"The satisfaction of a law-court?"

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Fiennes, haughtily. "Although a compatriot of your own, I have passed so little of my life in England, that I may be pardoned for not in all things agreeing with the habits of this country, and you must be aware that on the Continent we have other ways of settling points of honor."

"I am happy to see that your ideas accord with my own," said Rakewell, bowing. "You are, I am told, a dead shot; I, also, am sufficiently experienced to prevent you from having any scruples of conscience on that point. It only remains, therefore, that we should decide upon the hour and the place of meeting, only I would suggest, for your sake, that our rendezvous should be fixed for some spot on the other side of the Channel. A duel here would raise half the county: there it would cause little scandal, and be quickly hushed up."

"I accept your suggestions with thanks," returned Michael, bowing in his turn.

Rakewell Fiennes pondered for a moment, as if looking in his own mind for a suitable place. At last he said: "Do you know Pont-Nièvre, in the Landes?"

"No; but there is nothing to prevent me from searching the map and finding it out," said Michael.

"It is a little seaport amongst the dunes—scarcely more than a village—lonely and half desolate; it seems almost at the end of the world," replied Rakewell. "We could not find a better spot for our purpose. To the one who falls it can be little matter that his grave will be visited only by seagulls, and perhaps a solitary wolf if the winter is particularly hard; while the one who survives can easily get away in a fishing-smack or a smuggling vessel."

"Very well; then the only thing now to settle is what day."

"That I will leave to you," said Rakewell. "Doubtless you have affairs to manage—I have none."

"Thank you!" returned Michael. "As you remark, I shall have much to set in order. To-day is the 24th, is it not? Well, then, let us say the 28th."

"Or—to provide against accidents, storms, the tides, or any unforeseen event—let it be the 30th," said Rakewell.

"Agreed."

"Then on the 30th, at sunset, I will meet you on the dunes, outside the town. Stay! the great sandstone rock called the 'Devil's Landmark' may be our place of rendezvous. It is about half an hour's walk along the shore; any one will direct you to it, and no spot could be more solitary or secure from every chance of intrusion."

"At sunset on the 30th, I will be there."

"Without fail?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Fiennes, haughtily. "If on the 30th, then, you are not there at sunset, I shall wait until dusk; and, if the beacon-fire is lit on the quicksands to the north of Pont-Nièvre without my receiving any intelligence of you, I shall conclude that something extraordinary has happened and shall come in search of you."

"You will have no need to, for I shall be dead," answered Mr. Fiennes. "Nothing but that will prevent me from being there."

"Then, *au revoir* till the 30th," said Rakewell.

"*Au revoir*," said Mr. Fiennes—*"or, adieu."*

And then they parted. Ten minutes after Michael Fiennes was receiving his guests with a smiling face and his usual calm air of courtly hospitality.

"My son," said Lord Addington, drawing him aside—he always called him "my son" now—"I believe I have just seen the devil!"

"Indeed!" returned Michael, laughing. "I am not sure that I have not either. Ah, duke, here you are at last! Our number is complete, then. *Allons!* gentlemen, if you are ready the dinner is also."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—FAREWELL TO THE LUCK OF EDENHALL!

THE huge log-fires roared and crackled up the cavernous chimneys in the great dining-room at Fiennes Court, where roistering cavaliers in days of yore had sung and laughed, as they drained the ruby wine from tankard and wassail-bowl in loyal toasts to their king and mistress. The wild north-winds howled drearily without, whistling through the keyholes and rumbling in the corridors; the rain pattered against the window-panes, and the voice of the tempest shrieked abroad through the darkness; but within those thick oak doors, draped by their heavy portières of crimson velvet, all was light and luxury and feasting. The antlered trophies of the chase, and the sombre Rembrandts, Murillos and Wouermanns upon the paneled walls had seldom looked down on a brighter scene, even in the olden days, when monarchs had graced the hospitable board with their royal presence.

Perfectly bred French and Polish servants moved quietly about, with footsteps that made no sound on the luxurious Axminster carpets, handing round the thick and clear turtle, or dispensing fragrant punch to the guests, whose conversational efforts had, for the most part, given way to the claims of appetite during the first two courses; while Prout, in the height of his glory, majestic and dignified, superintended the wine department at the vast carved oak buffet, which groaned again with the weight of its priceless gold and silver plate; ponderous salvers with historic legends in old English character, heirlooms in the family for hundreds of years; antique claret-jugs exquisitely chased, the works of the immortal Benvenuto Cellini; and monstrous wassail-bowls embossed with ancient hunting-scenes, the gift of kings, in which punch, claret-cup, and Badminton succeeded each other as the dinner progressed. Everything that taste the most perfect could devise, or wealth the most prodigal procure, had been done to make the banquet a princely one. A hundred wax-tapers in the massive candelabra threw a brilliant yet chastened light over the splendidly appointed dinner-table, with its snowy damask—on which was blazoned the Fiennes arms—itself lofty épergnes of waxy hot-house flowers, its glittering glass and priceless service of antique Sevres, more precious even than gold itself, the

gift—royal, indeed!—of the great Louis. Course succeeded course, and the aroma of rare wine mingled deliciously with the scent of costly exotics; the clatter of knives and forks had subsided, and the hum of conversation resounded on all sides, with occasional roars of laughter at some *entendre double*, or telling jokes uttered by tongues let loose by the juice of the grape and unrestrained by the presence of women.

Captain O'Reilly, of course, was amongst the foremost of these. He had been making "devilish free with Mr. Fiennes's claret"—as O'Halloran remarked. "Nobody but Mr. Fiennes could afford claret at five guineas a bottle; it was like drinking money!"—and was consequently in his most brilliant humor, telling his shadiest tales, embellished by jokes that sent his hearers into convulsions, and pointed by winks and nods sufficiently expressive, taking care, however, to keep out of earshot of Mr. Fiennes, who had no more taste for ribaldry than he had for rats, and whose dry tone and chilling air had whilom often extinguished the jack-o'-lantern spark of wit in Barney's choicest sallies.

At last the dessert came on the table; and the vast expanse of cold mahogany, polished like a mirror, and laid bare, as in the good old days before Russian dinners were invented, reflected back glorious pyramids of luscious grapes, that almost rivaled in size the Canaanitish bunch of yore, with fragrant pines, peaches and nectarines from the Court conservatories, gigantic pears from Brookes's, at twenty-four guineas a dozen, pretty little Mandarin oranges, *marone glacées* from Marquis's, West Indian fruits and ices, Italian conserves, and sugared cakes, gayly adorned with ribbons and flowers, tempting relics of the Venetian carnival. The gentlemen now began to divide into little groups, according to their fancy, to discuss the topics of the day, or subjects of personal interest, with their neighbors, over their port and claret, and floating scraps of conversation relating to horses, betting, women, town-scandals, news from Tattersall's, politics and agriculture, crossed and recrossed each other in the air, heated with the fumes of wine and dinner, like a game of cross-questions and crooked answers.

At the head of the table Lord Addingfield, the Duke of Kingstown and Mr. Northcote Smythe were gathered round their courtly host, arguing the Irish Church question with great warmth, while Mr. Fiennes demonstrated the paradoxical situation of Catholics in the country, who, while being essentially, and by the very nature of things, conservative, are yet compelled to support the Liberal faction in self-defense, thereby sacrificing their most cherished political opinions to the interests of their church.

On the other side the Duc d'O. was listening gravely to the agricultural discourse of a neighboring baronet, who was an enthusiastic farmer, and who was explaining the utility and manner of working the steam-plow. "There's nothing like 'em, your Grace—nothing. They'd do as much work in one day as you'd get done in a week by an ordinary plow. Besides, think of the wear and tear of horseflesh they save; and then they turn up the land as nothing else can, break it all into clods, with a furrow nearly three feet deep, 'pon my soul! There was that ten-acre field of Tom Poynter's, the foulest piece of ground"—and so on and so on. Then a scrap of conversation averted a certain scandalous elopement, which was the talk of all the clubs, fell on the ear.

"Oh! yes, it is perfectly true; there is not a doubt of it," said Horatio Plunkett, who had brought the news down from town that afternoon. "Brabazon followed them to Paris, and was bold enough to ask her to come back again for the sake of the children, as if the children—poor little devils!—weren't ten times better without such a mother!"

"It was quite an old *amour*," said Captain Vaughan. "I wonder if Kinlochlan will marry her?"

"Oh! yes; he says he shall, directly Brabazon gets a divorce. So she will be a countess with a rent-roll of fifty thousand a year, and in three years' time people will receive her again; that's how we reward virtue nowadays."

Little Father Molloy—who had got as far as possible from the range of his host's dark eyes, being far more afraid of their disapproving scrutiny than he was of his bishop's—was amusing himself remarkably well at the bottom of the table, where he sat between two of his most admiring friends and compatriots, whose roars of laughter greeted the little priest's shady stories, which almost rivaled those of Barney O'Reilly opposite, who was trying to outlive an Irish barrister from Kilkenny. (*To be continued.*)

#### False Lives.

THERE are people whose whole lives are lies from beginning to end; men who by dint of chicanery gain high places they are really unfitted to fill—who yet manage to hoodwink possible detractors, who suck the brains of their subordinates and strut before their audience in borrowed plumes; others who, by dint of persistent hypocis, have put on the robe of godliness, which cloaks conduct systematically immoral and unscrupulous. There are liars in every walk of life; such is the statesman who for power and the loaves and fishes of office pawns his convictions and forswears his early creed; such the lawyer who lures on his client to litigation, even when there is but a shadowy foundation for a case; such the doctor who fobs our fees and prescribes bread-pills for imaginary disease. Are women to be exonerated from the charge of lying? Guile and deceit are with many a woman her natural arms—weapons to which she instinctively has recourse, and which the training and education of her life have too often taught her to wield with consummate skill and effect. For wounding by half-statement, or slaving off judgment by wily evasion of the exact and unembroidered truth, commend us to a woman's art. What is the seemingly innocent *débutante* who accepts with pretty, blushing encouragement the attentions of an excellent but repulsive *parti*; what her mother, that intriguing chaperon, who with brazen effrontery denies to the poor "detrimental" that he has

touched her daughter's heart; what is the white-veiled bride who, throwing truth and constancy to the winds, jilts her first love and swears to honor and obey a man she secretly loathes; what is the wife who stoops to maintain questionable relations with gallants whose very devotion is a stain upon the spotless purity of her marriage-vow? Of a truth, it is a lying lie, and we who live it cannot hope to shake off easily an attribute we have inherited like original sin; our only consolation is that the offense is one of degree. We may, perhaps, take credit for the fact that untruthfulness of the basest, blackest sort is not a very prevailing vice in the land. It is not too much to claim for an English gentleman that he finds his face rather hot if he be forced to prevaricate, and that our highest praise for a loyal friend is the phrase, "He never told a lie." Yet the moment of trial comes to all: our code of honor, indeed, lays down that we must sometimes wander from the truth—we are supposed to lie to save a female reputation, we must lie sooner than betray the secret of a friend or State. But for one occasion upon which the sin is almost imperative there are thousands on which there can be no excuse. And yet it is only an angel that could hope to keep his wings immaculate and pure.

#### A New Patent Coin.

LETTERS patent were recently issued to a Philadelphian for an invention called galloid, which is an alloy of gold, silver and copper in the proportion of one part of gold to twenty-four of silver and two and three-quarters of copper, and is supposed to be especially adapted for coin dollars and fractions of a dollar. The mean density of the metal is 10.685, and the alloy shows an increase in weight of about 117 by a computation at the Mint Bureau. The dollar made of this alloy would be 258 grains, being equivalent to the old silver dollar of 412.8 grains and to the gold dollar of 23.8 grains, both as to standard and fineness. It is claimed for galloid, among its many advantages for coin over the present silver dollars and lesser coins, that it is not liable to destruction by abrasion, and cannot be destroyed for gold leaf or the manufacture of jewelry; and that it is smaller than silver coin and more convenient in size for commercial purposes; that its density cannot be counterfeited by base metals; that it utilizes the silver production of the United States and increases our wealth on the basis of our own production of precious metals; that it is not corrosive, and is capable of a fine and enduring impression. Doctor Lindemann says its intrinsic value for assay purposes is such that it could command a premium of about three-fourths per centum above par in the London market.

#### The Chinese Tea Trade.

THE statistics of the exports of tea from China to England and the United States during the "season" of 1876-77, ending with the 11th of October last, have lately been published at Shanghai. The total of all kinds shipped to Great Britain from all Chinese ports was 123,437,691 lbs., of which 4,416,154 lbs. were green teas. In the preceding season (1875-76) the total exportation was 122,928,875 lbs., of which 3,419,067 lbs. were green teas. Thus, it appears that the trade in black tea has declined, while that in green tea has increased, a result which we need these figures to bring to our notice. The exportation to the United States bears no comparison in the respect of quantity with that to the United Kingdom; the total amount sent from all Chinese ports to the United States in the season of 1876-77 was 13,274,005 lbs., of which nearly half was green tea, while in 1875-76 the exportation was 10,403,808 lbs., of which more than half was green tea. The inference to be drawn, we suppose, is not that the Americans drink more green tea than black, but that they get their black tea chiefly through English houses.

#### Moonstroke.

AN East Indian correspondent writes to *Nature*: There is a popular belief that it is dangerous to sleep in full moonshine, as it is supposed to produce some injurious effect called moonstroke. A clear sky admits of rapid radiation, and any person exposed to such radiation is sure to be chilled by rapid loss of heat. There is reason to believe that under the circumstances paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation and consequent loss of heat. This chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear, and in a full moon. I have often slept in the open air in India on a clear Summer night when there was no moon, and though the first part of the night may have been hot, yet toward 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning the chill had been so great that I have often been awoken by an ache in my forehead, which I have as often counteracted by wrapping a handkerchief round my head and drawing the blanket over my face. As the chill is likely to be greatest on a very clear night, and the clearest nights are likely to be those on which there is a bright moon-shine, it is very possible that neuralgia, paralysis or some other similar injury, caused by sleeping in the open air, has been attributed to the moon, when the proximate cause may really have been the chill.

#### The Murder of Miss McCrae.

PERHAPS there is no event of Burgoyne's whole campaign which did him so much damage as the murder of Miss McCrae, which was attributed to the savages under his command. Nevertheless, as originally demonstrated by William L. Stone, Miss McCrae was not killed by these, but by the American troops. The Indians sent out to bring in this young lady and her mother had executed their charge in good faith, when they fell in with or rather were pursued by a party of Americans belonging to the command of Morgan Lewis, then Major, afterwards colonel and eventually a major-general, U. S. A., and Governor of this State. The Americans fired upon the Indians, and a random shot killed Miss McCrae. Then the Indians, to secure some testimony to entitle them to the reward of their services as her escort into the British lines, scalped Miss McCrae, and carried this terrible evidence of what they considered the performance of their duty into the British camp. It is well known that her lover, David Jones, an American loyalist lieutenant, never blamed Burgoyne and Governor Lewis, before he died, told W. L. Stone, Jr., the historian, in the presence of David Banks, in his noted law stationery and book store, that he was aware that it was the shot from the detachment under him that killed Miss McCrae. When, long afterwards, the young woman's skeleton was ex-

humed, her skull was found to be perfectly intact. There were no marks upon it of a mortal blow either from a tomahawk or knife; in fact no indication of any injury to the bone. Why Burgoyne allowed this mistake to pass without correction is unaccountable, unless with British superciliousness, he deemed the murder of a country girl of no consequence. Still, Gates having used it as a strong weapon against him, the British must have been ignorant of the truth, or they would have used it as a counterblow against Gates.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**The Longest Bridge in the World.**—The bridge now building over the River Tay, in Scotland, will be, it is said, the longest bridge yet built over a running stream. In form it is not unlike the letter S. It is to be 10,321 feet in length, and the estimated cost is £220,000.

**Professor of Engineering in Columbia College.**—Professor Wm. P. Trowbridge, at one time a member of the United States Coast Survey, subsequently Professor at the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College, has been elected Professor of Engineering in the School of Mines, Columbia College. Professor Trowbridge has had great experience both in the practice and in the teaching of engineering, and will prove a valuable accession to the corps of Columbia College.

**Still Another Element.**—A French chemist, M. Prat, announces the discovery of a metal closely resembling copper in some of its reactions, upon which he has conferred the name of Lavoisium, in honor of the celebrated chemist Lavoisier. He tells us very little about it, and as the same chemist once recounted rather marvelous stories about having been successful in isolating fluorine, which operation nobody after him has been able to repeat, his new narrative about Lavoisium is received with some suspicion. Fears are entertained that the discoverer has been too hasty in naming his element, and that it will turn out to be copper after all.

**The Gauss Centennial.**—The centennial anniversary of the birth of Carl Friedrich Gauss was celebrated with great ceremony at Göttingen, on April 30th, where the deceased was a professor of mathematics and astronomy for nearly fifty years. All of the foreign members of the Royal Academy of Sciences were invited to be present, and many of them responded. Delegates came from France, Italy, Russia and other countries. It was expected that Professor Wöhler would preside, but he declined on account of old age, and the duty devolved upon the Prorector of the University. No mathematician of greater celebrity than Gauss has lived since the time of Sir Isaac Newton.

**Do Swallows Hibernate.**—The question whether swallows put themselves into dormant state in sand-banks and thus pass the cold season of Winter in an unconscious condition, has been revived in England, and the Duke of Argyle produces the testimony of his brother-in-law that on the occasion of a land-slide on the banks of a river near Teheran during Winter, vast numbers of swallows were brought to light which were found to be warm and breathing, although dormant. On the other hand naturalists say that the bird migrates and does not hibernate. The popular belief is that they burrow in the mud or sand in Winter and revive in the Spring. The facts ought to be easily ascertained but for some reason they have not been.

**Newton's Emulsion - Photographic Process.**—Mr. Henry J. Newton, President of the American Photographic Society, has made an important improvement in the art of photography equally applicable to dry and wet plates. An emulsion of collodion is made, to which nitrate of silver is added in excess and the plate floated in the dark—it can then be exposed while wet in the usual way, or can be dried and kept for months in a box ready for use on a journey. The development of the pictures varies somewhat from that pursued in the old collodion process, but is very simple. The time of exposure is considerably diminished. Mr. Newton will soon publish full details of his discovery and hand it over for the benefit of amateur and professional photographers.

**New Sources of Tannin.**—Hemlock bark has long been the chief source of supply for the acid required in the tanning of leather. The bark was formerly cut from the trees and transported great distances to the places where it was required; but at the present time an extract is made in the forests which answers every purpose and obviates the necessity of transporting so much dead wood. It has been estimated that one cord of hemlock-bark produces one barrel of good tanning extract, worth \$20. It is now found that one cord of alder will yield the same amount, and one ton of sweet fern gives even a larger amount. In the New England States, where the fern grows in abundance, and where some of the wild weeds, such as the hard back, also contains tannin, a new industry has sprung up for making extract, which promises to prove profitable to those engaged in it, and valuable to other interests in the saving of hemlock forests from utter destruction.

**An Elec'ric Candle.**—The difficulty with the electric light is the cost of the battery, the irregularity in the consumption of the carbon points, and the circumstance that each light must have a separate battery. M. Jablonski's electric candle overcomes these difficulties in a very ingenious manner. He constructs an asbestos ferrule, to hold the two gas carbon rods inclosed in copper. Some insulating material, such as kaolin, is put between the rods. When the current passes, the arc is produced between the extremities of the carbon, and as these become consumed the light is gradually brought near to the refractory substance. This non-conducting refractory substance is vaporized in proportion as the carbon points burn away, so that the latter are always kept at the right distance apart, just as they were originally adjusted. By using alternate currents the consumption of the carbons is made up-form. With the ordinary electric lamp, it is not possible to introduce more than one pair of carbons in the same circuit; but with the candle it is immaterial how many are placed in the same circuit, provided the battery is sufficiently powerful to transmit the current through all of them. The invention is highly commendable in France.

**The Wheeler Surveys of the West.**—The annual report of the surveys west of the one hundredth meridian, under the direction of Lieutenant Wheeler, United States Corps of Engineers, is now about ready to be issued. It will exhibit many interesting facts regarding the topography and resources of the regions examined in Colorado, New Mexico and California. By a new system of colors the irrigable, grazing, mineral and mountain sections of the whole region hitherto explored by the Wheeler expeditions, covering, since the year 1869, nearly 400,000 square miles, will be distinctly indicated upon the atlas and maps, thus giving at a glance the mineral, agricultural and other resources of the country for the use of the Government and the information of proposed colonists. The matured results of the survey are to be published in seven quarto volumes. Two of these, geology and zoology, have already appeared; the third, paleontology, is nearly ready for distribution, and the others well advanced. If Congress makes adequate appropriations during the present session, parties will be put in the field early in the coming Spring, as skillful assistants, instruments and outfitts are all at hand, ready to move at a moment's notice.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**THE relatives of Peter B. Brigham, who left three millions for the sick and poor of Boston, are contesting the will.**

**Miss PHOENIX COUZINS has been chosen first Vice-President of the Association of the Alumni of the St. Louis Law School.**

**THE Rev. Joseph Cook, the noted preacher, was married to Miss Georgie Hemingway, in Fair Haven, Conn., on the 30th ult.**

**THE young and only daughter of United States Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, of Colorado, is to marry Dean Richmond, of Albany.**

**JUSTICE FIELD's circuit requires him to travel 9,000 miles every year. The expense is borne by himself, the judges not being allowed mileage.**

**THE "Benevolent Society" at Bucharest is under the patronage of Princess Elizabeth, who uses her needle and scissors just like other people.**

**Gov. RICE will tent on the old camp-ground at Bennington, Vt., with his staff, August 15th, to be present at the celebration of the Battle of Bennington.**

**AN appeal is made through the London *Times* in behalf of an aged and destitute grandchild of Oliver Goldsmith. She is eighty seven, and in delicate health.**

**THE daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, of New York, who is now passing her second season in London, is about to marry Hon. Cornwallis Maudeston, the heir of Viscount Hawarden.**

**IT is again currently reported in London that Lord Lytton is about to resign the Viceroyalty of India. Should he give up his almost regal position, Lord Beaconsfield will, for the third time, have this magnificent piece of patronage in his hands.**

**Dr. S. W. WILLIAMS is to be Chinese Professor at Yale, which, in adding to its Faculty an endowed professorship of the Chinese language and literature, takes one more step in rivalry with Oxford. The department thus becomes permanent at Yale.**

**MISS PARKE P. PERKINS, who was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty at the Centennial tournament last September, was married at her residence in Buckingham County, Virginia, a few days ago, to Major W. W. Bentley, of Pulaski, in the same State.**

**GENERAL CESNOLA is passing the Summer at the Delaware House, Lackawaxen, Pa., at the junction of the Delaware and Lackawaxen Rivers, and devoting himself to fishing, rowing and driving. He expects to return to New York about the end of September.**

**JOHN BRIGHT, the English statesman, will uncover a statue to Richard Cobden, at Bradford, during the present month, and a correspondent writes that it is not unlikely that this may be one of the last public events of his life, for he lives under severe medical restraint. He is warned against hard work and great excitement.**

**IN regard to Herr Wagner's visit to this country, Professor Bernays, of Munich, writes that the composer is already deep in the work of preparation, and is outlining the plan of the campaign as fast as he can. A year is the limit assigned to the visit. Professor Bernays states that no desire to reap a harvest of money, no hope of personal enrichment by the profits of his visit, animates Herr Wagner.**

**MR. ROBERT W. OGDEN, of Warren County, Ky., left by will \$110,000, to be devoted to educational purposes. The trustees met last week at Bowring Green, and determined to establish "Ogden College" at that point. Only about \$4,000 will be expended the first year. The college will commence its first session in September. The college property is yet to be bought or leased.**

**THE Italian public has been menaced with the loss of one of its ablest servants by the severe illness of Signor Mancini, the Minister of Justice. He has been recruiting at Naples, where the King offered him the use of one of the houses belonging to the Crown for repose and cure. It is reported that the health of the Minister is meager, and that he will be soon again at his work. The strain lately put upon the faculties for administration of leading functionaries has made the public service anything else than a pastime. But in spite of the crowd of those stung with an ambition for conspicuous place does not diminish.**

**MANITOBA has been enriched by the acquisition of an enterprising French Canadian named Langlois. Having discovered, on reaching Crookston, Minnesota, that lumber was much cheaper there than at Winnipeg, he purchased all that he needed for his house and outbuildings, made it into a raft, embarked his wife and family thereon and floated along Red River till he had reached his destination, saving steamboat fare and freight and the difference of the price of the lumber. Arrived at St. Norbert he tied up his raft, left it in charge of his wife, sought out and preempted a farm, and then, like a man, proceeded to build up his house.**

**OLD Field Marshal Wrangel is within a few days of his death. He is senior of the German army and its second marshal, Prince Frederick Charles created in 1854, ranking him. He is now past ninety-four, and has for eighty-two years been on the army roll. At Waterloo, in 1815, he was made colonel. During the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866 the old marshal wore for his sole decoration a golden horseshoe given him for good luck by the then Crown Princess. In 1870 he sent the most urgent of appeals to the King to be allowed to take the field and die with his armor on; but the King, while heaping honors upon him, refused this wish so dear to the old warrior's heart.**

**THE Emperor Alexander travels in a carriage constructed especially for his accommodation. This car, thirty-six feet in length, is a moving palace; there is a parlor, a bedroom and a dining-room, furnished with rare magnificence, and to it is adapted a system of wheels which enables it to pass upon any railway in Europe, whatever be the gauge. The imperial train is preceded by a pilot locomotive, on which is the director of the line. Thirty minutes behind follows a second train, with engineers and workmen provided with everything necessary to repair the road in case of accident. Twenty minutes after this are the coaches containing the imperial suite, and, lastly, at another interval of half an hour, comes the escort of three hundred soldiers.**

**THE Caxton celebration was opened in London on the 30th ult., at the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington, by Mr. Gladstone. It is one of the most unique exhibitions ever held in the city. The collection is very remarkable, comprising the oldest existing English newspapers, some dating as far back as 1667, the wonderful Stevens collection of Bibles, and the finest collection of music in the world. Among other works is Charles L's copy of Shakespeare, lent by Queen Victoria. In the Caxton room are 190 volumes from Caxton's press, including "Diction and Sayings of the Philosophers, 1417," the first book issued from Caxton's press. There is also the "Recueil des Histories of Troye, 1474," the first book ever printed in English, and bought in 1812 for \$5,000. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil were among those present.**

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE

## EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

CHICAGO, "the City on the Lake," will never cease to be a marvel to the present generation. Her wonderful development, in the short space of forty years, from a small aggregation of balloon-shaped log-cabins to a city of 450,000 inhabitants, will not strike the average visitor as forcibly as will the extraordinary obstacles encountered and overcome. Quicksands are not favorable locations for houses, but here they have been made to pay tribute to the energy of a great people. A river passing through the heart of a city may be, to a certain extent, an auxiliary in a commercial point of view, but the many disadvantages of a sluggish stream may be seen at a glance. Bridged above, and tunneled below, with wide, lighted avenues for horseman or pedestrian, it becomes a second Serpentine, the pleasure-seeker, a never-failing anchorage for the white wings of commerce, and a perpetual monument of the scientific skill of the nineteenth century. Water, saturated with the accumulated abominations of a large city, and fragrant with the odor of stale fish, is not seductive, but here it served only to direct the minds of the citizens into other channels, and the result was the tunneling and tapping of a great inland sea, and a superabundant supply of pure, fresh and cool water, while the skill which directed the work, and the energy which wrought it to a completion, have become the admiration of two continents. Fire scourged the city—such fire as was never before known. Houses, blocks, entire sections melted away. The wealth of a city's busy lifetime was blotted out of existence in a moment; but, undismayed, this wonderful people lost no time in vain repnings. A few days were sufficient for organization, a few months for courageous efforts, and the city sprang anew from its ashes, like the fabulous phoenix, grander, more beautiful, more durable than of old. Thus it will be seen that the destructive fury of the elements has but ministered to her growth and prosperity.

## THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

On leaving the Lake Shore terminus, the Grand Pacific Hotel looms up in its magnificent proportions, only a block distant. The Post Office and Custom House building, on which the Government is expending a mint of money, is in process of erection, opposite the northern front of the hotel.

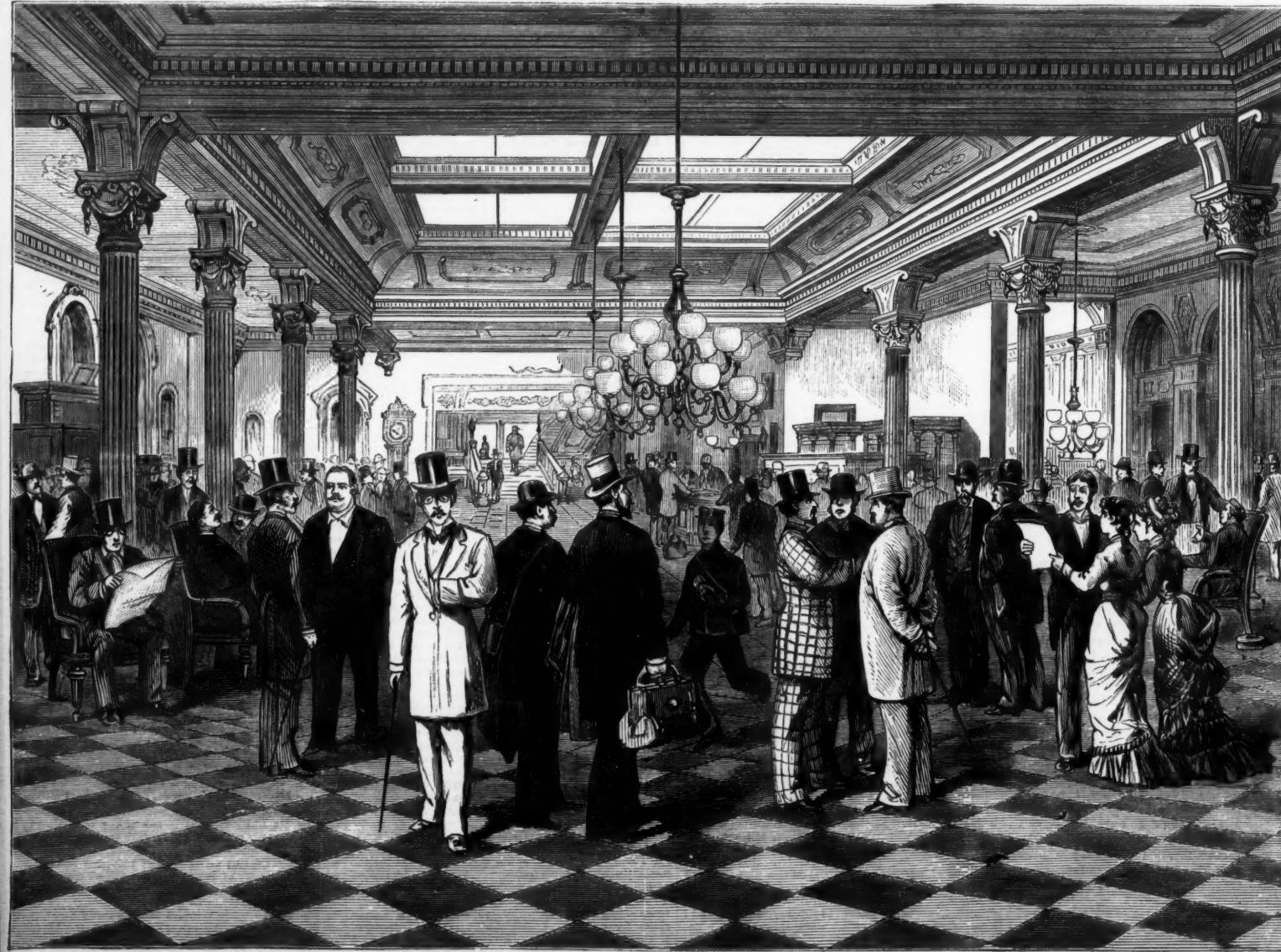
Entering the hotel, we find the office in a magnificent hall, one of the finest of the kind that we have seen in the United States. Here we are met by the proprietors of his palatial house, and we are soon located in elegant apartments. We have the quiet comfort and seclusion of home, while we are regaled with whitefish from the lakes, shad from the Eastern rivers, green peas from New Orleans, asparagus from Memphis, and every



THE LAKE SHORE RAILROAD DEPOT IN CHICAGO.



EXTERIOR OF THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.



SCENE IN THE VESTIBULE AND OFFICE OF THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC COAST—THREE DAYS IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

luxury that money and well-trained skill are able to procure. We take occasion to look into the internal economy of the establishment. We find that each guest on an average uses more than a dozen dishes for his dinner. Under these circumstances the very scullery attains large proportions; while many helpers with ingenious appliances are employed in preparing the viands for the table.

A special steam-engine operates the roasting-jack by which our meats are done to a turn. Steam does the chief part of the washing and ironing. Long, hot rollers calender the larger articles as they are originally done in the piece at the mills. The store-rooms, with ample supplies of the less perishable articles of consumption; the fruit-room, with its uniform temperature of forty degrees; the butcher's shop, and all of the private offices of the establishment, strike us as singularly complete.

Among items in the purveyor's department that interest us, we find that in the last season 25,527 dozens of eggs, 31,488 pounds of butter, 25,350 birds, and 10,220 boxes of berries were consumed in the establishment.

The office rotunda is seventy-five feet long, seventy feet wide, and it has a lofty frescoed ceiling. The dining-room is one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty feet wide, and twenty-one feet high, and it is embellished with elegant frescoes.

While the materials and mode of construction are intended to render the immense structure absolutely fire-proof, the no less important matter of a perfect supply of pure air has received the most careful attention. All parts of the building are kept free from the too common fumes of a hotel atmosphere by ventilating passages connecting with a large smokestack, which, being always in use, excites an ample circulation, while the arrangements are so nicely adjusted that strong and disagreeable drafts are entirely prevented.

Chicago may well be proud of the Grand Pacific and other hotels. She undoubtedly surpasses in the safety, elegance and general excellency of her hotel accommodation. The prices at which these are afforded are also less, in proportion to quality, than in any other place with which we are acquainted; and in respect of this important matter at least, it is necessary that Eastern cities should look to their laurels if they do not wish to lose them.

## THE PHENIX CITY.

It is now Friday, April 13th. Refreshed by well-earned repose, we set out to inspect the Phenix City of the Lakes. Some twenty years ago we visited Chicago for the first time. It was then the chief town of the far Northwest, but it is now an Eastern city with its own vessels plying directly to the ports of Europe. It then claimed some eighty thousand inhabitants. Report says that these included the hotel arrivals of the year and the frogs that croaked in the vacant lots. It now claims, with more solid reason, half a million of people. Then the wet and springy prairie sod gave way under the feet in many of the public streets; now it is paved with



THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE BUILDING ON STATE STREET.

wooden blocks, and its wide walks are covered with massive tables of granite and limestone. Its wooden pavements have become famous in New York and other American cities, and they have been tried in Europe. Nevertheless, these "parallelipedons" are scarcely a success even here. They are dirty and repulsive, like the fat fisherwoman who received this name from a ponderous wit, and they are prone to decay. Then they were raising the grade of the city streets out of the mud-swamp and prairie. The old Tremont House was standing upon a unique foundation of jack-screws supporting every brick of the huge superstructure. Every jack-screw there was a man-jack, and to the sound of a gong he gave one turn of the screw. Thus the house was lifted to the required position, while the guests came and departed, and the business proceeded as usual. Now the huge hotels of Chicago need no such machinery of elevation. Their foundations are well laid, with

no swamps around them, and their walls are built to stand the fiercest wars of the elements. Then the stores were chiefly wooden shanties; there were very few good ones. Now the news-vender, cigar-dealer and barber are ensconced between heavy brick walls, with plate-glass fronts and lofty ceilings, and each has his strong-room where he can deposit his "stamps" or coin in safety from thieves or fire. Then the stocks of the merchants were comparatively poor in quality and insignificant in amount; now, in the magnificent establishments on State, Madison, Clark, and some other streets and avenues, the display of all kinds of goods, at wholesale or retail, will compare very well with Broadway and the chief business streets of New York. Then Chicago received in a year less than fifty thousand cattle, while she now receives over a million. Then she received less than two hundred thousand hogs in a year; now she receives in the same time over four millions. In both of these

lines the increase has been more than twenty-fold in number, and it is probably more than forty-fold in money value. Chicago now claims to have not only the largest live-stock market in the world, but the most perfectly arranged stock-yards and other facilities for carrying it on. The value of the cattle, horses, sheep and hogs received for sale or transhipment in 1876 exceeded one hundred millions of dollars. An almost infinite variety of detail is required in the arrangements to secure the comfort and good condition of so many animals, and consequently the best attainable profits to their owners. Yet the whole of this vast work is done by one organization—the Union Stock-yards Company—and their yards and buildings cover 370 acres. They have become so famous, that intelligent strangers visiting the city would no more think of leaving without seeing them than of visiting Washington and not the Capitol, Rome and not the Coliseum, or Egypt and not the Pyramids. In the last Summer the

officers of the company increased their already enormous facilities by the construction of a new Exchange Building, 132 feet long and 50 feet wide. It is south of the Main Exchange, and is heated by steam. Twenty acres of first-class cattle-pens have been constructed, and ten acres of covered hog and sheep-pens. Six new scale-houses, four yard-offices, and several other buildings, have been constructed. Five million feet of lumber have been consumed in repairing yards and in building twenty chutes. The yards contain 475 cattle-yards, 675 covered hog and sheep-pens, 375 chutes and pens, 15 corn cribs, 10 hay-barns, several miles of macadamized streets and alleys, with a network of sewers and water-pipes. Twenty-four miles of railroad-tracks, connecting with the yards, are also owned by the company, and there are 100 frogs and switches. These stock-yards give employment to a vast number of men. Including the packing industries which they feed, the number may be set down at



CLARK STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM RANDOLPH STREET.



STATE STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

over one-sixth of the male adult population of the city. Fortunately, their management has been so admirable as to provoke little controversy. The importance to the city cannot easily be overrated. They are very popular with the people, and every citizen of Chicago is justly proud of the unique suburb, where enterprising industry gathers the cattle from ten thousand hills and a thousand mountains and plains—from the Upper Mississippi and Missouri; from Kansas and Nebraska; from Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and far-off Idaho; from Colorado, New Mexico and the distant Texan plains of the Rio Grande and the Gulf.

We visit the waterworks of Chicago, and examine them with special care. They are unique and thoroughly interesting. Until within the last ten years, the city was supplied with water from wells and cisterns, and by pumping-works on the shore of the lake, near the odorous mouth of the river. Some of it was contaminated with foul muck. Some of it, purer than the rest, was filled with minute and innumerable fish. The finny tribe, stowed in the pot or boiled in the kettle, became in some sort ingredients in all the dishes and beverages of every repast. Even the cows of the neighborhood were noted for the vast number of minnows in their milk, and the honest dairymen were in despair at the bad name given them by incredulous visitors who did not fully understand the circumstances and surroundings of the city. Liquor-dealers were in despair. Fish-soup floated in the air. It got into casks and barrels and bottles, in spite of all possible precautions. They hatched out in the strongest oil whiskies, and drank so much as sensibly to impair both quality and strength. If an Eastern guest ordered Veuve Clicquot with his dinner, landlord and waiters were in mortal dread lest a frog should jump out as the cork was extracted. It was useless to make explanations, and the good name of Chicago was suffering. Then somebody conceived the happy idea of making a tunnel under the lake, to the cold, deep waters where minnows and frogs would trouble no more. It was begun where the main waterworks now stand, on the shore of the lake.

"The Crib," a huge triple-walled coffer dam was built, floated two miles out, and sunk. Then a shaft and tunnel from "The Crib" met a tunnel from the shore. A lofty tower and huge steam-pumps were then erected at the shore-end of the tunnel. The water was lifted by the pumps to the standing main in the tower, and thence by hydrostatic pressure it found its way through all the service-pipes of the city. The capacity of these works was thirty-eight millions of gallons a day.

A second tunnel has been already made, and another tower built in a distant part of the city, the two being connected, and their united capacity one hundred and fifty millions of gallons per day. The total cost, with street main, buildings and all of the works complete, has been about eight millions of dollars. The water-rents not only pay interest and expenses, but they support the Fire Department and otherwise aid the finances of the city.

The crooked little Chicago River gives some important, as well as curious, features to the city. It has been dredged and dug out, and slips and cuts made, till it now affords a frontage for shipping of thirty-eight miles. It formerly flowed into the lake, but by an immense outlay of time and money it has been connected with the Illinois River, and its headwaters deepened till it now flows with a steady current from the lake into that river, and thence through the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf. This is the first authentic instance of reversing the current of a river on a scale of such magnitude.

The windings of the Chicago and its branches render many bridges necessary. These are all provided with draws for the shipping. They are consequently occasionally closed for vehicles and pedestrians alike.

The go-ahead people of Chicago did not like these delays in locomotion, and encouraged by the success of their "big bore" under the lake, they constructed two tunnels under the river-bed. Each has two passages for vehicles and one for pedestrians, and by these the denizens get from one part of the city to another, while steamers and large sailing vessels are passing over their heads. These tunnels are dry and cool in summer and warm in winter, and they are so great a success that they will eventually be largely multiplied in number.

We find the majority of the business blocks concentrated within half a mile of each other, commencing one street westward from the lake, and a little south of the main Chicago River. Here are Wabash Avenue, State, Dearborn and Clark Streets, and Fifth Avenue running parallel with the lake front; and transversely running east and west are Lake Randolph, Washington, Madison, Monroe and Adam Streets. On the whole, Clark Street is the finest of them all. Here are the publishing-houses of Jansen, McClure & Co., and of Crane, Cooke & Co., and some fine art-galleries, and close by, in Randolph Street, is the large establishment of the Western News Company, through which our Western readers are supplied with the numerous periodicals emanating from the publishing-house of Frank Leslie. Thus, we find that Chicago is devoted to literature and art and the cultivation of the aesthetic, as well as to fashion and money-getting. Not only so, but it happens that our artist, in choosing a street view in Clark Street, has shown us that the West is rapidly coming to the foreground as a region of manufacture, and Chicago is certainly becoming very eminent in that line. The corner building in the engraving comprises the offices of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, which may fairly be cited as an example of the enterprise and success of Chicago in the way of manufacture. In this building are set up and carefully tested all the Wilson machines sold and delivered in Chicago, while those shipped in large lots to the East, South, or the Pacific States and to foreign countries, are tested at the works, which are located in the neighborhood of the city, and where about 350 men are employed by the company. Besides the testing of machines, this building is used exclusively for the officers and sample-rooms of the company, which claims to do business in every State in the Union, and to have numerous branch-offices in this country and in Europe.

It has become a commonly received opinion of the public that the principal sewing-machine companies in the East have combined to keep these almost indispensable articles at extravagantly high prices. This has undoubtedly done much to aid this enterprising Western company, their machines being much cheaper, and bearing the test of practical use, as well as obtaining medals in competition with the others. They were successful at the Vienna International and at the Centennial Exhibitions in obtaining the highest prizes. The machine uses threads and a reciprocating shuttle, making a strong seam, with both sides alike. The company has been eminently successful, and we trust that its competition in the future will be equally determined and persistent, that the monopoly in sewing-machines may be definitely broken, and the public so instructed in the facts

of the case as to be able to buy the best machines in all parts of the country at reasonable prices.

Having paid our respects to the public institutions and the business and manufacturing interests of Chicago, we drive along the boulevards, in the parks and the residential portions of the city, and we are surprised at the number and magnificence of the mansions of Chicago. They, like the business portion of the city, have been built almost exclusively since the fire. The architects and their patrons have been bold innovators indeed, each trying some pet theory of his own as to style, methods, and materials of construction. Their experiments have been more successful than we should have expected. Comfort has seldom been sacrificed, and many of the residences are very fine, but almost every one has some quizzical peculiarity that renders it quite unique. Among them we noticed especially those of Mr. Perry Smith and G. W. Pullman, of "Pullman Car" fame. The latter is one of the finest to be found in any city. The house, conservatories, and grounds occupy a large block. Mr. Pullman can well afford the luxurious ease which this palace invites apparently in vain. By his skill, industry, perseverance and honorable dealing, he has acquired great wealth, at the same time that he has conferred an enormously greater aggregate of good upon the traveling public. The Pullman Car Company, of which he is the president, has a capital of thirteen million dollars, and it is the owner of nearly eight hundred passenger-cars running on the principal roads of this country and Europe. Other evidences of remarkable success and well-meant endeavor abound in Chicago, but space and time forbids our dealing more fully with this great city at present. It is well worthily both of a fuller and a more extended survey, and we must recur to the topic as opportunity serves and deal with it in an adequate manner.

### FUN.

FRANCE has forty million hens, with only five million women to throw things at them.

If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time.

"THE Rhabdosidopheros" is the name of a new style of umbrella. The advantage of it is that nobody can ask to borrow it.

WHILE a compositor on the Montreal *Witness* was setting up an advertisement of a lost canary a few days ago, the bird flew in at the office window. This shows the value of advertising.

A LITTLE boy entered a fish market the other day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed: "By gracious! them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen."

A STRANGER arrived in St. Louis, took a look at the city and shot himself. In his pockets were found thirty-five cents and a stub of a lead pencil, which caused the coroner's jury to return a verdict: "Chicago editor, couldn't stand prosperity."

A CERTAIN First Lord of the English Admiralty, on his first trip down the Thames in a rather leaky vessel observed the men working at the pumps. "Dear me!" he said, "I did not know you had a well on board, captain; but I am really very glad, as I do detest river-water."

"DON'T put too much confidence in a lover's vows and oaths," said Mrs. Parlington to her niece: "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation and eyes like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

A ROMAN man has been questioning his son, who has just returned from an expensive school, and says the boy answers four questions out of five correctly in every branch of his studies. To four questions out of five the boy says, "I don't know," and this answer is always a true one. When he hazards any other it is apt to be wrong.

### LEAVEN.

"A LITTLE leaven leavens the whole lump" is literally true, when you use the old reliable Royal Baking Powder; it is the strongest and purest powder in the world, and excels anything for making biscuits, cakes, all kinds of muffins, etc.

### SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE ingenious doctrine propounded by Mr. Darwin, the tireless investigator of nature and her laws, is as applicable in determining the fate of medicines as in that of the animal species. Every year new remedies are brought before the public, and are soon completely discarded as their sale rapidly decrease. Only those medicines which are best suited to the people's wants survive the first test. If they "are tried and found wanting" in the merits which they are claimed to possess, no amount of advertising will make them popular. Of all the remedies ever introduced to the public none are so popular as Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Their sale has steadily increased each year, and wholesale druggists assert that the present demand for them is greater than ever before. If you would patronize medicine scientifically prepared, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is alterative, or blood-cleansing, and an unequalled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard-seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel-complaints, and an unequalled liniment for both human and horse flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists.

It is a well ascertained fact, resting on the experience of twenty years, that a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will put even a naturally feeble system in such a state of defense that it will be competent to resist the most prevalent cause of disease, such as the malign influence of miasma, unwholesome water, excessive heat, damp, cold, sudden changes of temperature, etc.

THE WAY TO PREVENT WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY BY FIRE.—Place your building in direct telegraphic communication with the Fire Department through the wires of the Automatic Signal Telegraph Company. The cost is comparatively small. Insurance rates reduced ten per cent. on property thus protected. Office, 234 Broadway.

FOR BREAKFAST many persons find coffee positively injurious. Walter Baker & Co. prepare a "Breakfast Cocoa," which preserves the nutritive portion of Cocoa, yet leaves no sensation of heaviness after its use. Highly recommended by physicians, and sold by all grocers everywhere.

ALL nervous, exhausting and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influences of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They are safe, simple and effective, and can be easily applied by the patient himself. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address, PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "If you are to visit Boston, do not fail to stop at its famous new hotel, the Brunswick. Here you will find a vast hotel palace, patronized liberally by the best classes; and while it has always a large number of guests, so perfect is the management that the quiet air of a private home pervades throughout the house.

WHILE savings institutions are reducing their rates of interest, people with small means desirous of making investments for short periods and at the lowest possible risks, will be pleased with the novel scheme inaugurated by the Banking and Commission House of Beadle & Co., No. 40 Broad Street, New York City. Operations are carried on by forming combinations of capital at regular intervals, enabling subscribers to invest an amount as low as five dollars and as high as they wish. The aggregation of profits in thirty days is thus unusually large, considering the small admissible subscriptions. There is no plan of a speculative character now before the public possessing such great simplicity or guaranteeing such large returns from small investments, and, considering all existing plans, we can unhesitatingly recommend the firm of Beadle & Co. to our readers as one of the most reliable houses for the investment of small sums. The business of the firm is in the hands of a gentleman having unusual facilities for placing money in the most advantageous channels, and every condition is most favorable to those desirous of speculating in stocks. Their circulars giving a full explanation will be furnished on application at their office, 40 Broad Street, New York.

**Removal.**—Franklin & Co., of Union Square, have removed their business to Fifth Avenue and 21st Street.

**Vanity Fair**—For Meerschaums and Cigarettes. Does not bite the tongue. Always uniform and reliable.

**Shoes—Good Wearing, Easy Fitting**—with style and low price combined. EUGENE FERRIS & SON, 81 Nassau Street.

**Keep your Bird** in health and song by using SINGER PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by all druggists and bird-dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson Street, N. Y.

**Frank Leslie, Esq.**, of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using BURNETT'S COCAINE, and think it far preferable to anything I have ever used for the hair."

**Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100.** E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromes and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalathoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

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### LEADING

### Mercantile Houses of New York.

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GEORGE MATHER'S SONS, 60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK. Printing Inks. This paper is printed with our Pictorial Cut Ink.

JAMES CONNER'S SONS, PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, 28, 30 and 32 Centre Street (corner of Reade and Duane Streets), New York.

#### Housefurnishing Goods.

CHINA, GLASS, CUTLERY, SILVERWARE, REFRIGERATORS, and all Household Furnishing Goods. E. D. Bassford's, Cooper Institute, New York City. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List free.

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LACES, DRESS TRIMMINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, FANS, ETC.

SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, HATS, BONNETS, ETC.

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**LADIES' ELEGANT Imitation ROSE CORAL SET, Brooch and Pendant Drop, Sent Postpaid to any Reader of this Paper for 25 cents. Three Sets for 50 cents. In Currency or Stamps. L. A. THOMSON, Clinton Place, New York.**

**LADIES INTRODUCERS WANTED** for our Rubber Fancy Goods for Ladies' and Children's wear. Ladies' Rubber Gloves, Aprons, Breast Pads, the La Perle Shields, Baby Diapers, Child's Bibs, Curlers and Crimpers, Bed Sheets, Crib Covers, etc. Agents can realize very handsome profits by introducing our popular and fast-selling household necessities required in every family. Send for illustrated catalogue. LA PERLE RUBBER CO., 90 Chambers St., N. Y.

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CAXTON'S Self-Inking, only \$14. COLUMBIAN PRESSES. Self-Inking, from \$27 to \$60; will do the work of a \$250 press. Presses from \$3.50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal Street, Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

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**Whitson's Refrigerator.** Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

NO. 824 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**1.—For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.** The only reliable cure is PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION.

**2.—For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads or Flea-worms, use PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLER REMEDY, an infallible Skin Medicine; or consult Dr. E. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Both these medicines are sold by Druggists.**

### FITS CURED.

Dr. Brown's great prescription for Epilepsy having now been tested in over 10,000 cases without failure, he has made up his mind to make the ingredients known to all sufferers free of charge. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

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Received the Centennial Medal from the Judges on Awards, for "superior classicity and general excellence." Not sold by your Stationer, send for Illustrated Price-List to the Manufactory, 19 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.

**KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS** Made to Measure. The very best, \$6 for \$9, delivered free everywhere.

Keep's Patent with Ready Dress Shirts.

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An elegant set of Gold-plate collar and sleeve Buttons given with each half-dozen Keep's shirts.

Samples and full directions mailed free to any address.

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TIN-PLATE, SHEET-IRON, COPPER, BLOCK-TIN, WIRE, ETC.

CLIFF ST., between John and Fulton, NEW YORK.

**KINGSFORD'S Oswego Starch**  
Is perfectly PURE free from acids and other foreign substances  
that injure Linen.

**RUSSIAN-TURKISH BATHS,**  
GIBSON'S BUILDINGS,  
Cor. Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

THESE BATHS are the largest and most complete in the city. They contain the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the *Russian* and *Turkish*. The *Russian*, in the application of vapor, and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, procuring a powerful and invigorating effect; while the *Turkish*, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body.

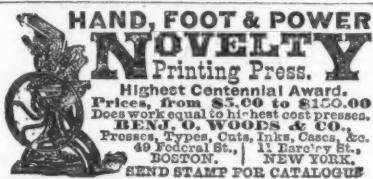
The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

**HOURS OF BATHING:**

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25,000 TICKETS, 787 PRIZES OF THE VALUE OF \$750,000.

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**THE ORIENTAL SECRET SHOULD BE KNOWN** to all who wish to gain unalloyed affection. None can resist its magnetic influence. Price, \$1. Secured by copyright. Beware of imitations. Address, JOHN FRANCIS AYRES, M. D., Boston, Mass.

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For sale by all News Agents, 10 cents weekly; or, send 10 cents to our address, and you will receive a copy by return mail.

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

### Agents Wanted.

**\$10 to \$25** a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture and Chromo Cards, 125 samples, worth \$5, sent postpaid for 50 cents. Illustrated catalogue free. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON. [Established 1830]

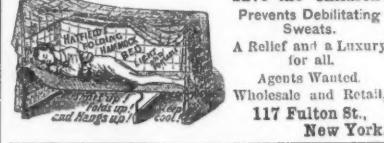
**IT PAYS** to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Terms free. G. A. HARPER & BRO., Cleveland, O.

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**SALES** men WANTED at a salary of \$25 per month samples of goods never before introduced FREE. Hot- and traveling expenses paid. Address, J. C. TYNER & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

**THE PATENT TIDY FASTENER**, made of velvet, all colors; a set free to every reader for 10c. postage. Agents wanted. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St. New York.



Save the Children!  
Prevents Debilitating  
Sweats.  
A Relief and a Luxury  
for all.  
Agents Wanted.  
Wholesale and Retail,  
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**F. J. Kaldenberg**  
Received the only prize  
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Jury for American-made  
Meerschaum pipes, at the  
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An unrivaled assortment  
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Factory and Wareroom, 117 Fulton Street.  
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Send for Illustrated Price List.

### Kentucky Cash Distribution Co

Authorized by an Act of the Legislature for the support of the City School of Frankfort will positively have their second Drawing in the City of LOUISVILLE, KY.,

On AUG. 30th, 1877,  
Or Money will be Refunded.

**\$310,000 Cash in PRIZES.**

Farmers' & Drovers' Bank, Louisville, Ky., Treas.

THE PUBLIC is RESPECTFULLY NOTIFIED that in consequence of the precedent established by the former Company and not wishing to make a scaled or fractional Drawing, the management have made a short postponement of sixty days. While regretting to ask the indulgence of their patrons even for this short period, it is on their account that this postponement is made, as many have expressed their wishes that this Drawing should be a full one.

The Company is pleased to announce that the Courts of Kentucky have decided that the charter under which their distributions take place is

### LEGAL BEYOND QUESTION.

Hence, sustained by law and the receipts being most encouraging, the management emphatically state that this Drawing will positively take place on August 30th,

Or, MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

### LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize of ..... \$60,000 20 Prizes of \$1,000 ea. 20,000  
1 Prize of ..... 25,000 40 Prizes of \$500 ea. 20,000  
1 Prize of ..... 15,000 100 Prizes of \$200 ea. 20,000  
1 Prize of ..... 10,000 300 Prizes of \$100 ea. 30,000  
3 Prizes of \$5,000 ea. 15,000 500 Prizes of \$50 ea. 25,000  
5 Prizes of \$2,000 ea. 10,000 6,000 Prizes of \$10 ea. 6,000

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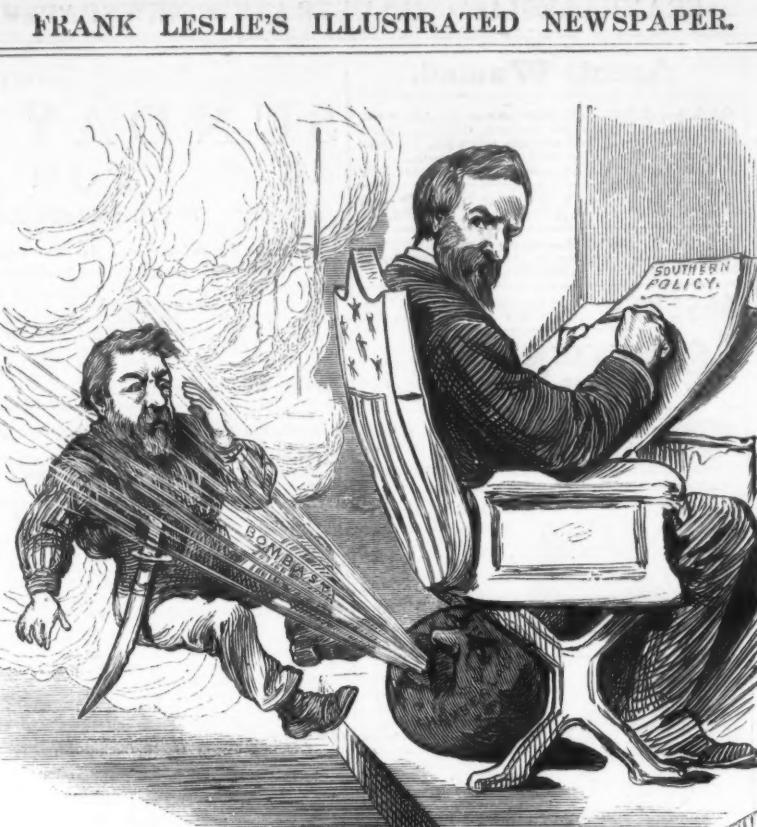
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